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ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

REFERRING to the need of reform and the difficulty of making it permanent, with whom does the fault lie?

It is customary to blame the powers that be, from the patrolman to the law-makers, executives and even the higher courts, for inability and sustaining abuses. Denunciations hurled at the official class are coupled with faith in and sympathy with the long-suffering people and taxpayers.

The experiment of Sunday saloon-closing in this city presents one marked feature that seems to call for a wider and more enlightened, as well as more practical, view of reform itself. The large majority of the people of the metropolis are being deprived, it is alleged, of their customary Sunday beer. Yet, there has been no popular uprising. The Police Commissioners have given the people themselves a chance to reform the Sunday saloon business, by withholding their patronage, even though under compulsion. Speaking plainly, the Commissioners have restrained the people from patronizing the saloons on Sunday. It may or may not be a salutary measure to abstain from beer and liquor one day out of the seven; but it is clear that such abstinence is not unbearable. If continued, it will drive many of the saloon-keepers out of the business—a result that the average citizen will not quarrel with. In theory, everybody favors moderation in the use of alcoholic liquors. Abstinence one day out of seven is simply moderation—temperance, in the proper sense of that word. Who will say, that the habit of doing without even beer on Sunday may not lead to moderation in the general use of that beverage? Perhaps the people themselves need some regulative restrictions as well as the saloons. Laws are for the people as well as by the people, are they not?

Another instance: Business prostration has been laid at the door of Congress, the President, Monopolies, Free Trade tendencies, Protection favoritism, and the rest of the individual and the intangible essences that it is so easy to abuse and criticize. Yet, no fact of current history is plainer than that the people themselves are slowly but surely accommodating themselves to new conditions, and that prosperity is returning, as a direct result of individual and collective effort on their part. It would be easy to show that the population of this country, by economy, by home patronage in their purchases, and by studying their own individual, everyday interests, could easily solve the growing difficulty of our constant need of money from the European money-lender.

In one way, the people have always been appealed to, to bring about great reforms of one kind and another. They have been aroused against some great

governmental or social injustice, and when the storm broke, tyrannical kings and do-nothing nobles have fled for their lives; the shackles fell from the limbs of the slaves; bad laws were wiped out, never—it was supposed—to return; the face of society was, at least temporarily, renewed. When the calm succeeded, the cost appeared tremendous, and the now mild-mannered populace not infrequently regretted what they had done. Posterity looked back, and said: Those old-time abuses are returning. So says impartial history.

The end-of-the-century way to arouse the people in these matters is to call upon them to put their own shoulder to the wheel; not to allow these abuses to grow up, and abolish them afterward; but to build up the Right and guard it. Modern growth is too tremendous for the former process. The reform that will be permanent is that which leads the people themselves to see that they and not the government, nor the monopolies nor any other power, are responsible. The American people are great enough and enlightened enough to hear the truth. Individual reform is the basis of all other reforms.

In the wake of the reform wave that has recently swept over the country, several remarkable resuscitations of alleged old "machines" and formation of new ones are to be recorded in some of the States. The triumph of Gorman in Maryland politics was one of the first. Against an alleged combine of Federal office-holders at the recent State Conventions of Iowa and Nebraska vigorous protests have already been entered by prominent Democrats in both of those States. The Foraker machine is said to have triumphed in recent Ohio Republican polities, to the end that that vigorous Stalwart may be the next United States Senator, though little open opposition is manifested. The Platt Republican and Hill Democratic organizations of this State and the Tammany Democracy of the metropolis are in fair working order, despite the opposition of the Cleveland and anti-Platt elements. The latest victory for the old-time leaders was conceded August 27, when the Hastings-Warwick-Magee combine of Pennsylvania admitted its defeat by Senator Quay at Harrisburg, giving to him the control of the Republican State Committee. All of which indicates that experienced leaders are potent factors after all in a popular government.

Recent society correspondence from the other side of the Atlantic is burdened with glowing accounts of the grand mansions taken by lease or purchase by very rich Americans for the season's entertainment of royalty, aristocracy and for visiting American millionaires, who will probably feel called upon to do likewise either this season or some other season—in England. A rather significant phase of this English residence fad is the lease or purchase of old English Country Seats, whose heirs have already squandered the full value of them, leaving it an easy matter in most cases for our American absentee millionaires to buy them from the money-lenders' solicitors and agents.

It is easy to understand why a very rich and cultured American should like to lease or even own a London residence. He has been accustomed to city life at its best and grandest in our own largest cities; and it is no more than natural that he should like to mingle, when welcome, in the social whirl of the world's metropolis. His London house will cost him little, if any, more than his New York, Philadelphia or Chicago house. He will be at all times in company with fellow-Americans sojourning in London. Some of the best London houses, both for the visiting American socially inclined, and for the Englishman who cultivates American society in London as well as in New York, are at present "taken" by our wealthy fellow-citizens; and the American colony feels quite at home, thank you, in London—and that, too, in Carlton House Terrace, in sight of Marlborough House, and many other Houses and Terraces hitherto deemed, by innocent Englishmen, to be quite inaccessible to the outside social world. I say, then, it is not strange or the least bit unpatriotic that wealthy and cultured Americans should "take" London houses, though it is strange to see so many of them paying rent, when it would be no trick at all for most of them to own and even repair them.

All the world seems to hanker for London, and why should not American millionaires? But the old English Country Seat is quite another matter. You go down and settle on and buy or lease one of those Seats, and you are one of the English landed aristocracy, are you not, my dear Sir or Madam? Oh! that is what you are after, is it? Of course, that is different. You have left us and taken an English Country Seat—good-by, then, not *au revoir*.

But speaking about the wealthy Americans who wish only to reside a part of the year in London, and enjoying themselves socially in those delightful English Country Seats—it will doubtless occur to them, as to the rest of us, that the place for an American of wealth to own a Country Seat is right here at home. It may be some years, or a few generations even, before the

thousands of American Country Seats already in existence are as venerable as those of England. It will take a few years to get such oak trees as they have over there. It will be impossible to get such oak doors, such delicious ivy and such transcendently refined perfume of mold, must, antiquity, mildew and interestingness. But the American Country Seat has better ventilation, finer views of rolling country and magnificent rivers; is more up-to-date; has less family skeletons; fewer mortgages and spendthrift heirs per Country Seat; less need of paint and "repairs"; is nearer home; has less need of charity among the neighbors round about; has about and above it the same air the American millionaire was born in and the same sky that smiled on mother before he was born. But why enumerate? The English Country Seat belongs to the people of England; let them have it, and do not offend by lease or purchase, for it is an unwarrantable intrusion. The American Country Seat is the one place above all others that a wealthy American should acquire and beautify—yes, and entail; so that it may not pass too easily into the hands of the money-changers or the pleasure-caterers.

This is not altogether a sentimental appeal. It has its practical side. ONCE A WEEK has advocated home colonization as the one thing necessary to get a contented, rooted population. Every wealthy American who can afford it should get right into the centre of this work, with a Country Seat. All around him will be independent resident-owners, farms and villages with school and church and post-office and railway station. They will be his neighbors, and his farm and Country Seat can be made at a profit the real nucleus of a prosperous community. This system does obtain in tens of thousands of American localities. There are at least a few hundred thousands of such opportunities. There is money in them, as well as pleasure, solidity for the Republic of the present and future. If our wealth stays at home and tries this plan, it will wonder why it ever thought of buying an English Country Seat.

Mr. Keir Hardie, English visiting labor leader and Socialist, was surprised when Delmonico's waiter told him the other day that he must not smoke his pipe in the restaurant. He was surprised, also, to learn that colored people did not mix with whites, after we went to the trouble of freeing them. At this rate, there are a few surprises left for his benefit before he goes back.

The third term for President Cleveland, as an item for discussion, is slowly pushing itself along. By the way, if he is nominated next summer, it will be a fourth nomination. The Democrats have nominated Mr. Cleveland three times already, and if the party could pass by other eminent Democrats that many times in the nominating conventions, it is a very short step to electing him three times, if they can. If you will study this a little more closely, you may see even an ad led incentive to nominate him next summer in the fact that he is already "in power." Let us wait a little while before taking the third-term talk too lightly.

Apropos of that attempt to assassinate Baron Alphonse Rothschild in Paris last week they do say that the Baron has often talked for publication not only against Anarchists and Socialists, but against the "pretensions" of workmen to equality with ruling minds and characters who amass wealth and manage great enterprises. Of all the Rothschilds, Alphonse is the least given to charity, the rest of the family being rather conspicuous in that direction. A little detective work in advance might excite the suspicion that the dynamite letter was sent by some unprincipled sleuth, in order to get a pull at Alphonse's lower extremities. That letter was never loaded to kill, or it would have done so. It might have been intended to give the opener a scare and a chance to refer to a Providential deliverance. Most any Anarchist or Socialist would know that Alphonse Rothschild could afford an attendant to open suspicious letters. On the theory that the letter was a fake, it is easily supposable that a heavier load was used than was intended, thus causing the loss of the fingers of the opener. By all accounts the Baron will spare no money to run down the guilty party. Whoever sent the letter is, of course, a human fiend, no matter what may have been the motive.

Lord Dunraven, the challenger for the America cup, has arrived here to take charge of "Valkyrie III." No British sportsman is more welcome here than the plucky owner of the new challenger of our long-held trophy.

Judge Patrick Gavan Duffy, for many years Police Justice in this city, and no small figure in local politics, died at Tom's River, N. J., on August 28. He had been failing in health for over a year and prostrated for some weeks before the end came.

There are a few thousand Chippewa Indians left in Michigan, and many of them are being called to the happy hunting-grounds by the cruel horse of iron. General Superintendent Potter of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad, Henry Russel of the Michigan Central, and other men who are brought into direct con-

tact with the claim department of railroads running through the Indian country, are agreed that there is a fatal fascination about a railroad track for a Chippewa Indian. It may be that the two bands of shining steel attract his poetical eyes, as he rambles along through the pine belt.

There is just this about the Indians of Michigan: They cannot resist the insidious influences of pork and whisky. "It kills them in a few years," says Mr. Potter. After imbibing copiously of fire-water, the Indian will almost invariably seek a railroad track, walk along until he becomes fatigued, and then calmly lie down, with his head on one rail and his feet on the other rail. This incident is repeated over and over again, and is familiar to those who deal in railroad claims. No appeal that has yet been invented has any force with these Indians. They stray on the track, they blissfully lie down, and the next morning a new claim is entered in the huge files in the legal department. But the kinsmen of the departed Indian never sue for damages. They pass all that. Once, Mr. Potter says, his company did present the husband of an injured squaw with thirty dollars, and Poor Lo took the money and became very drunk, wandered on the railroad track, reclined on the roadbed, with his head on one rail and his feet on the other rail.

Mr. Steinway of the Rapid Transit Commission says the underground system proposed for this city will cost fifty-five million dollars, instead of forty-six million dollars as at first estimated; that rapid transit is assured; that the system will have electricity as its motive power; that it will be built for all time. This statement is somewhat modified by the circumstance that the new Appellate Court that meets in January, 1896, has yet to pass upon the constitutionality of the act governing the Commission's work. If it is affirmed, the work will be begun at once; if not, we will have to wait.

The Liquor Dealers' Association of this city have resolved that their saloons shall be closed on Sunday. This places the question of more liberal excise laws in the hands of the people—where it belongs.

William R. Thompson, a well-dressed man who was arrested for smuggling, August 27, had a number of lace handkerchiefs fastened in his trousers, when he landed from Glasgow on the "San Francisco." He said that if the inspectors worked hard enough they would find several important cases. His amounted to four hundred dollars. Only a few samples were found in his trousers; the rest was found in his baggage.

Dr. Parkhurst writes from Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to say that the ordinary processes of the courts are inadequate to purge the Police Department. He blames the Legislature at Albany. He recommends that, hereafter, all legislators be summoned, at the close of each term, to a mass meeting of their constituents to give an account of their work.

Judge Bischoff has decided, in Court of Common Pleas, against the constitutionality of the Percy-Gray Racing Law in this State. The law allows racing associations to offer sweepstakes, and the Court decides that sweepstakes come within the definition of a lottery, which the new Constitution of New York prohibits. The case will be carried to a higher court, of course.

The first horseless wagon ever brought to this country was tested by Hilton, Hughes & Co., successors to A. T. Stewart, of this city. It comes from Paris. The vehicle looks like any other wagon. It is run by a petroleum air engine. Its maximum speed is about ten miles an hour. The engine is concealed under a box and is almost noiseless. A crank in front guides the vehicle, and it has three brakes. The tires are of solid rubber, and the whole outfit is very light, strong and neat. The horse—"he has served us many years"—needs all of his best friends about this time.

A monument was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, August 27, in memory of the four hundred Maryland troops who fell at the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776. Governor Brown of Maryland did not attend the ceremony, owing to some informality in the invitation sent to him. It would have been better if the informality had been overlooked.

At the Conclave in Boston, August 27, more than thirty thousand Knights Templar paraded in the presence of more than seven hundred thousand people. The California Commandery, No. 1, mounted on black horses, and wearing handsome sombreros and big black plumes, were the chief attraction in the immense array. After coming such a distance their welcome was unusually gratifying.

The skim-milk men of this city will have to be on their guard now, for the Board of Health has asked for additional inspectors, and Mayor Strong has approved.

The White Star freight steamer "Georgic," the largest freighter afloat, arrived at this port from Liver-

pool on her maiden trip August 27. She was built at Belfast, Ireland, is 538 feet long and 60 feet beam; tonnage, 10,077; carrying capacity, 15,000 tons dead weight. On August 21, when four days out from Liverpool, she saved the crew of twelve men from the bark "Ioni" which sprang a leak and had to be abandoned.

Germany says she can make Maxim guns herself, and need not buy them from England. She has not adopted them yet for her army. If the Kaiser means what he says about peace, most any old shooting iron ought to be good enough for him. The Maxim gun, by the way, has never been used much since its invention, except on the luckless savages who occasionally "rebel" against England and France in Africa.

Germany and France continue to scold each other. The latest war of words was started by a letter in the Paris *Figaro* from General Munier, accusing a German official of thefts during the Franco-Prussian War. A committee of German generals will demand name and place in proof of this; and it is said that if General Munier is still in active service in France, satisfaction will be demanded. In the meantime Fatherland continues to celebrate the victories of twenty-five years ago. To add to the unpleasant feeling a delegation of German-Americans, veterans of 1870-71, were received by fellow-soldiers at Bremerhaven, August 27, when the "Fulda" arrived there from New York. France is not celebrating nor mourning; but the feeling between the two countries is growing.

China is at this writing co-operating with the English and American consuls in bringing to justice the guilty Chinese in the Kucheng riots.

Leading newspapers of Japan favor the placing of contracts for Japanese warships with American builders, and the people are more friendly toward the United States than toward any other country.

The revolutionists have triumphed in Ecuador, and General Alfaro holds Quito. General Alfonso Mestanza has been appointed civil and military chief until the new Government is formally established. The revolution began last April after the election of President Cordero. It was at first simply an uprising in one of the provinces, which the Government failed to quell. The last act in the rebellion in Rio Grande do Sul was the proclamation by Brazil of amnesty to all who had taken part in it. Orders for war material have been countermanded.

Of course the chief feature of the week in the sporting world has been the trial of fitness for the great international contest between our two crack yachts, "Defender" and "Vigilant," and the arrival of Dunraven's "Valkyrie III," which has attracted the lion's share of attention. The "Valkyrie" took an hour's spin, August 27. She showed that she could be easily driven, and that her wide beam is not as much of an impediment as some experts thought it would be. She made no big bow wave and answers the helm promptly. The "Defender" met with another accident on the same day—a slight one, but still an accident—by the breaking of the steel hook holding her bowsprit. If this should happen when she is under full sail in the race, the forward rigging, if not the mast itself, will be carried away. A little less nervous apprehension is due to the public from now until the race is over.

The "Defender" and "Vigilant" had their second trial race on the 29th inst., under conditions well calculated to develop the best and worst qualities of each. There were all kinds of weather, good, bad and indifferent; strong wind, no wind, and the "Dolphins." The "Defender" easily won under all these tests, though she met with another slight mishap by splitting her jib during the heaviest blow of the day. At the conclusion of the race she was eighteen minutes ahead.

The "Valkyrie" followed the two Yankee yachts and showed good running, especially during the periods of light wind. Indeed, Mr. A. G. McVey, an expert, has expressed the opinion that the English boat did the best work of the three during the light winds.

The third trial race settled beyond all question the fitness of the "Defender" as the most suitable yacht to match against "Valkyrie III" in the contest for the America cup. She beat the "Vigilant" five minutes twelve seconds in a run of twenty miles to windward and back in what may fairly be termed the best race of the series. The "Vigilant" was handled superbly and did her work nobly, but the "Defender's" superiority at nearly every point was established. It is only justice to say here that for this clear result no little credit is due to Mr. George J. Gould, who put his boat into competition at great expense and trouble, with only the faintest hope that the "Vigilant" might be adjudged the fitter yacht of the two to uphold the American name. ONCE A WEEK heartily echoes the words of the New York *Tribune*, which declared the other day that the magnitude of the service thus rendered by Mr. Gould and the admirable spirit shown by him ought to be universally recognized and appreciated.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.

A Fortnightly Magazine and Review.

Fact, Discussion, Fiction.

Timely Reading For All The People.

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY," a fortnightly magazine, will be issued from this office and mailed to subscribers with paper dated September 19, 1895, two weeks hence. It will be mailed regularly to subscribers in lieu of the Library. Each number will contain upward of 300 pages, about 150 pages of which will be fiction. The dramatic, rapid-moving variety of novel will be usually complete in one number; the larger and more fully developed novel will take up two to four installments.

The quality of the fiction will be kept up to the same high standard as that for which ONCE A WEEK Library has gained a world-wide reputation. We have made all arrangements to make the fiction of "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" thoroughly representative; and novels will be given by all the great writers throughout the world. These novels will be new and copyrighted, and will in no case be published anywhere else until after our subscribers have read them. They will, in general, be published exclusively in "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY." A novel that will cost anywhere else \$1.25 will be sold to the subscribers in from one to three numbers of this magazine costing in all from 15 to 18 cents. The twenty-six numbers will contain novels to the cash value of \$15 to \$18, while the total subscription to paper, premium and magazine will be \$6.50, payable in monthly installments.

The size and form of "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" will be most convenient for handling and carrying about, and in this respect it will be far superior to any other periodical. The two issues will contain four times as much space and first-class reading matter as the best monthly magazine, or, in other words, as much as any four monthly magazines.

The first half of "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" will be devoted to discussion of all the great questions of the day, of national and international importance. Treaties between nations, the progress of peoples toward higher and grander destinies, the operations of diplomacy, international statecraft, will be special features. Articles will be contributed by the greatest living statesmen, jurists and political economists. Men of light and leading will discuss topics of world-wide interest from one fortnight to the other. The higher politics of the United States will be treated by men of acknowledged ability, and of that leadership that will give to their utterances a weight and potency peculiarly their own.

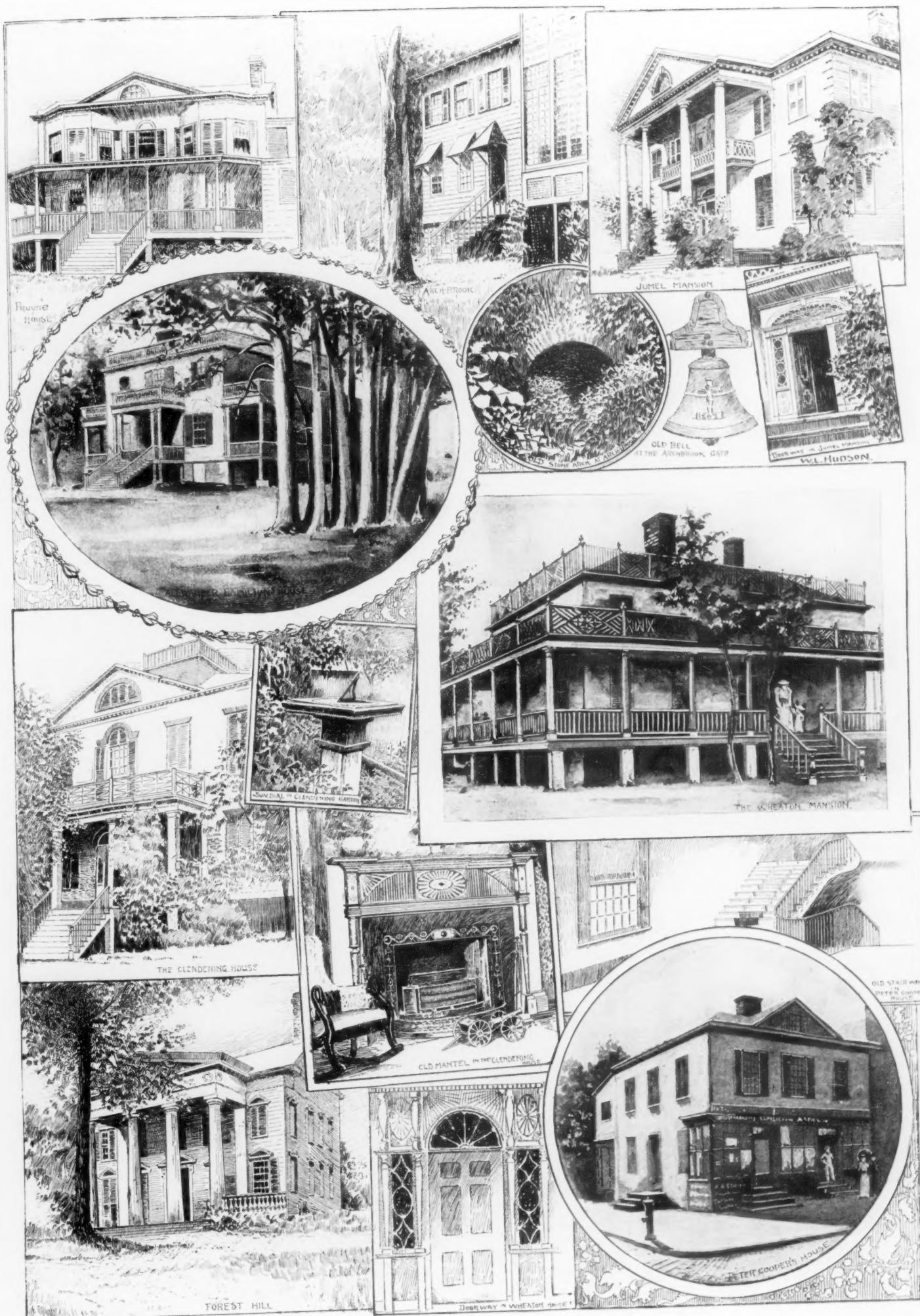
Not a single great event will be allowed to slip by without thorough discussion and an accurate record in all its essential details. All the great questions of the day, outside of governmental affairs, will be fairly presented, and discussed on their merits alone, with a view to Truth and Justice, and in the interest of progress, fair play and a healthy American sentiment of patriotism.

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" will fill a place absolutely its own. Tied to no party, it will be guided by the facts alone. Strictly American, it will view all international entanglements and dealings in their bearing upon our own present interests and future destiny. It will be filled and edited by thoughtful writers for thoughtful people.

The present move has been contemplated for some time. It has been thought that a semi-monthly magazine, embodying the Library as it is at present, would be acceptable to our patrons as a pleasing variety. We have the facilities now at our disposal to make the new departure; and our constantly growing subscription list justifies the additional outlay involved. Thanks are returned for the liberal patronage accorded us in the past; and assurance is extended that no pains will be spared to give satisfaction in the future.



AMERICAN TOURISTS IN IRELAND.—THE JAUNTING CAR.



OLD NEW YORK HISTORIC MANSIONS.

(See page 14.)

MUSIC.

The life's wild, thrilling scream, the eyeball's rage,
The gather's tears in soothings may message;
The flute's soft tones that steal away to die—
The voice of musing and of memory;
The concert's loosing and overladen heart,
(And wavers in its music such and part);
The harp's great gloom, the drum's star-startling din,
The stormy sweet and strenuous violin;
From Time's mysterious in art these voices ris—
The Earth herself that mourns as she lies!

HOWARD HALL.

A BLESSED LONDON FOG.

CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday afternoon in London one November day, the shops were being closed for the weekly half-holiday, and the shopmen and women were making plans for their well-earned relaxation.

Henry Moore finished entering an order to be executed the following Monday, closed the big ledger with a clasp, and shut it up in his desk. The shop was almost in darkness, for the shutters had been put up over the windows and glass entrance door, and the only light that filtered in came from the skylight in the back shop, and through the open door into the dwelling-house beyond.

Henry seemed in no hurry to have done with business and betake himself to pleasure. He took down his overcoat slowly from the hook where it hung in the closet behind one of the tall bookshelves, brushed his Sunday hat, also hanging there in readiness for a jaunt, with an abstracted air, and made his way out on to the street by a side door. He walked along, still meditating, pulling on a pair of new gloves, till he reached Piccadilly Circus. There he stopped, looking round uncertainly, as though in search of inspiration as to how his afternoon should be spent. Suddenly his eye caught the words "Crystal Palace" on the side of an omnibus in huge letters. He looked at his watch.

"Just in time to catch the train at Victoria," he thought; "as well go there as anywhere." His manner changed, he stepped briskly into the omnibus, and was rattled away across the stones to the terminus.

On his way down to Sydenham, Henry Moore studied the advertisements in the newspaper he had brought with him. There was a concert at the Palace that sounded attractive; he would go to it. He was fond of music, though, as he thought ruefully, "it's dull work listening to music alone;" the pleasure would be doubled by having a sympathetic companion.

For lack of other society he took from his pocket and re-read a letter he had received that morning from his married sister and only surviving relation, Jane, the prudent, who always considered it her duty to impart valuable advice of various kinds to her younger brother, who, having come into the world ten years later than herself, was in her estimation to that amount incapable of directing his own affairs.

To-day Jane broached a subject that had evidently been brooding in her mind since her last letter. She told her brother that he was now twenty-eight, a fact with which he was already acquainted; that he held a very good position—his salary would enable him to keep a wife comfortably, while allowing a margin to lay by for the future; that it was bad for a young man to be alone, and that he ought to have some one to look after him; and more in the same strain.

Henry smiled as he read the motherly admonitions, gave a little sigh as he realized that it certainly was sad to be alone, and frowned slightly as he continued reading Jane's letter, in which she informed him that she had found exactly the wife to suit him—pretty, with money, too, and the most capable girl possible—and inviting him to come down at Christmas, when he could see her and make his arrangements. There was no reason for waiting; "the marriage could be in the spring," the writer concluded.

No man likes to be dictated to in these matters, even when it is palpably to his advantage. Henry's bristles rose. "Jane seems cock sure that I'm only to put in an appearance to be accepted," he said to himself; "and equally sure that I shall make the offer as meekly as a lamb at her bidding. She evidently still considers I am in knickerbockers, and too youthful to 'choose for myself.'" He sat trying to picture the probable bride that had been fixed upon for him, feeling tolerably sure that she wouldn't do, and growing rebellious during the process. If it was bad to be lonely, it was worse to have a clog tied around one's neck. Solitude at least implied independence, and a wife chosen by another was bound in the nature of things to be just the kind one would not choose for himself. His only chance of escape was to refuse Jane's invitation for Christmas. Away from her he felt strong enough to hold his own; but, once get into her parlor, all self-decision was over, he knew very well. No, a lonely Christmas in a boarding-house was better than abject, unconditional surrender.

CHAPTER II.

By the time the train stopped, Henry Moore had worked himself up into a most handable condition of self-assertion, and swung out of the carriage and up the long wooden passage leading to the Palace with the air of one sufficient for himself. And yet, when he saw the pleasant little groups of three or four around him, or, worse still, a pair only, perfectly happy in each other's company, with the prospect of an afternoon's jollification as well, a feeling of incompleteness would steal over him, and of longing, too. Why could not the "not impossible she" come to him as well as to others? Sought out, though, by himself: no cut-and-dried, made-to-order young woman, to be selected purely for utility, like one from a row of coats in a "reach-me-down" store.

The trouble was that Henry had little or no chance of meeting nice girls in his own station. He had only lately come to his present post in London, as assistant to a bookseller on a large scale, formerly a friend of his father. By all the laws of tradition his master should have had a charming daughter, or, at least, a niece whom Henry could have married as a preliminary to stepping into the business; but, unluckily, Mr. Brocous

had neglected his duties toward his assistant shamefully; he had provided no daughters, being an old bachelor, and was even destitute of nieces, while he lived as retired a life as the book worms in one of his most antiquated tomes; so that there was no chance for Henry even of meeting girls at his employer's house.

The few friends, too, that he had made as yet were all sisterless, or living away from their families, and the women that appeared at the boarding-house where he lived were either too old, or not to his taste. It was really a sad state of things. Here was a young fellow, with good prospects, steady, good-tempered, lonely, quite ready to fall in love with the first nice girl with whom he was thrown into juxtaposition; and on the other hand were the superfluous thousands of unmarried women the census makes us aware of, and yet there appeared to be no opportunity for Henry to become sufficiently acquainted with one to lead to marriage, except by the second-hand process proposed by his sister, to which he had so much natural repugnance.

Meanwhile the concert had begun, Henry obtaining a one-shilling seat at the back of the hall, for he had a frugal mind, and laid by a certain sum each week with the distant hope that some day the savings might be laid out in furnishing the little home at present floating in London smoke.

Between the numbers of the programme Henry looked around at his neighbors. He would like to have spoken to those next him, but they were occupied with their own friends and did not want a stranger. He was, apparently, the only unattached listener. His eye was caught by a coil of light-brown hair under a neat black hat; a few rows before him. The small bit of neck beneath the coil was fair and youthful, promising a dainty cheek and other charms that might be visible if only the head were a little more turned to one side. But, evidently, the girl was engrossed in the music; she looked resolutely before her, or, if she did, answer any remark of her companions on either hand, scarcely altered her position. It was very tantalizing for an observer seated behind, and Henry found himself longing for the end of the performance, that he might have a chance of seeing the face belonging to that delicately tempting head.

At last the music stopped; there was a general tramp of feet as the audience rose, and Henry kept his eyes fixed on the row before him, so as to catch the first glimpse of the face that he had already made up his mind must be as charming as the promise of what was vouchsafed to his admiration.

But, alas! there were tall people, ladies with extensive cloaks, in the intervening rows of seats. Henry's charmer was short; he could make out no more than the tip of a black feather on her hat, and then she walked away between another girl and a young man in the direction of the tea-room. Henry followed as soon as he could make his way out, and managed to keep the group in sight; they were joined by several other people, and he saw them all taking their places at a table together. The brown coil was still before him, and he thought he had never beheld anything more bewitching than the bend of the graceful head as the girl seated herself. But this was not enough for our hero; he strolled around to the other side of the table, and looked across as though searching for some one, with as careless an air as he could assume. Then came what he sought: a pair of clear, gray eyes, fringed all round with dark lashes, met his own full, dropping immediately, perhaps from a consciousness of the admiration they encountered.

But Henry had seen enough; there was no disenchantment, quite the contrary; white necks and fluffy brown hair are pleasant to contemplate, but a pretty face is better. He seated himself close by at another table, and ordered tea to be brought. Meanwhile, he could steal frequent glances at the group near him. Two elderly ladies, an old gentleman and a boy had joined the original party of three. Henry watched their proceedings with the greatest interest: it pleased him to see his particular girl helping the elder ladies to cream and sugar, and laughing with the boy. Then he observed that the young man, who was seated between the two girls, and had apparently been monopolized by the other, who did not possess a soft coil of hair, bent familiarly toward Henry's charmer and said something to her that caused her to flush, while she threw up her head a little and looked at him coldly, evidently with some retort that caused him to shrug his shoulders slightly and turn back to his former companion, who beamed upon him radiantly, and they became engrossed as before.

All this by-play was very evident to the observer. He would like to have shaken that young man, whom he was sure had said something impudent; the girl, however, was evidently quite able to hold her own. He liked the dignity she showed in answering, and perhaps, after all, the young man had a right to be familiar—at any rate, more right than Henry as a perfect stranger had to resent his behavior.

The impression made on him first by that bewitching coil of hair, and then still more by the girl's face and whole bearing, gave him a feeling of appropriation in her. He envied that boy who sat on her other side, and with whom she was a good comrade, as could plainly be seen, and wished he could change places with one of the elder ladies, who appeared totally unaware of their vicinity in her near presence.

But tea cannot go on forever; even the boy's appetite was at last satisfied. The whole party arose, the old gentleman paid the waiter, and they all filed off toward the outlet.

Bitterly did Henry regret not having paid his bill before; every one wanted to do the same exactly at that moment—he could not get hold of a waiter. After fuming for some minutes, he could stand it no longer. Flinging two shillings down on the table to be left till called for, he made his escape in pursuit of the lost coil of hair and its owner. But the crowd was great; he could not get along as quickly as he wished; the people he was pursuing must have passed the entrance already. He was rushing down the steps, but nothing was to be seen of them; he waited, hoping they might appear, but there were no signs of them. At last he went on to the platform of the station. A train was waiting to start. They surely could not have evaded him and taken their places in it? He passed up and down look-

ing into the carriages; there was no time for close examination. The train began to move. He was still undecided whether to go or stay, when he saw the head of the old gentleman of the party thrust out of a window. That was enough; Henry gave a bound into the moving train, and was swiftly whirled back to London.

CHAPTER III.

THE ride back seemed interminable. Henry Moore was destined that day to find time an impediment; but at last Victoria Station was reached. He hastened from his own end of the train, as quickly as the press allowed, to the part where the old gentleman had been visible. There he was deliberately getting down on to the platform alone. Where were the others? Henry could hardly go up and accost him, and ask where was the girl with the beautiful coil of hair and gray eyes. The old fellow had evidently no misgivings about his womankind. He fastened his coat carefully across his ample person, and climbing ponderously into an omnibus, disappeared into space.

Should he follow, was Henry's first thought. No; what was the use. Better wait for the next train. Perhaps the others might come by that. He consulted the time-table, noted down in his mind the various trains from the Palace, and walked up and down in restless waiting.

Train after train came in, troops of passengers were landed, and dispersed to their homes; but no sign of a well-remembered black hat surmounting sweet gray eyes and the softest hair in the world. It was ten o'clock. Surely no use waiting any longer. Again a disappointment. It was not to be: the vision had faded. He should never see those eyes smile into his own as he told how the brown locks had turned themselves around his heart from the first moment he beheld them. There was nothing for it but to return to solitude and disturbing thoughts of possibilities that only ended in the impossible. To add to his depression, a fog had come on quite thickly. It was as much as he could do to make out the omnibus that was to convey him homeward, if a small room at the top of a dreary boarding-house can be called home. The light had for the moment faded from his life, and that afternoon would merely remain as a bright spot never to be renewed.

Piccadilly Circus again. Henry had to change omnibuses here. He got out to wait beneath the lamp, without taking much notice of his surroundings. An omnibus drew up. There was a rush for places, and all were taken. One woman was left behind. The faint gleam of the lamp fell full upon her face as she turned. Henry started: it was the girl he had been in search of. She looked agitated, pale; he almost thought she had been crying. How longed to ask her if he could help her, but he dare not; he was afraid of alarming her still more. One after another the omnibuses filed by and passed away. The girl made darts across the pavement toward them, always retiring to her post, and each time looking more scared and bewildered. At last Henry could stand it no longer; he went up to her, and, taking off his hat, asked if he could be of any assistance.

"Oh," she said, brightening up, "how kind you are! I want to go to Camden Town. They told me to take an omnibus here; and I can't find the right one. This fog—it's dreadful. I have never been in one before, and I don't know what to do; it bewilders me, and it's getting so late."

She broke off, almost with a sob.

Henry felt as though he could carry her to Camden Town himself, though she must have weighed a good eight stone. But he restrained his rapture and answered composedly: "It is difficult to see, and a London fog is rather alarming when you're not used to it. An omnibus will be by directly; I am going that way myself," which was perfectly true, though the decision was momentary. "May I stand near you?—these people press so."

"Please do, you're very kind."

They stood together in silence, Henry wondering whether she recognized him, not venturing to speak lest she should imagine he wished to claim familiarity. The right omnibus drew up at last; he handed her in as though he had been her grandfather, and seated himself opposite.

There were several other occupants, sleepy people returning home like themselves from a day's outing; but gradually they got out one by one until Henry and the girl were left alone. Still he did not like to address her, though he saw that she glanced at him once or twice as though she wished to speak; at last she began.

"I don't know what I should have done but for your kindness. I believe I should have spent the night at that dreadful crossing."

"Oh no," answered Henry, with a smile, "the police would not have allowed that."

"Do you mean to say they would have carried me off to prison?" asked the girl, with a look of horror.

"Not so bad as that; I mean they would have come to your assistance, and maybe have seen you home," said Henry. "You need not ever feel alarmed in London: there is always some one to look after you."

"Indeed, you've proved that. But you don't know how awful it was all alone in that fog. I'm not timid usually—you must not think I am silly, but it was all so strange—the great wide street, the people, such crowds of them, and one omnibus just like another, how was I to know which to take?"

"But I don't understand why you were alone; it was not fit for you. What had become of your friends?" asked Henry. "I think I saw you," he went on, "down at the Crystal Palace, didn't I? Did the other people come back to London with you?"

"No; they live somewhere down there. My godfather took me down, but he had to be back early, and the Browns—those are my friends—wanted me to stay later. They said they would see me into the train, and that I should have no difficulty; you must not think I wanted to be alone."

"Hang the Browns!" muttered Henry to himself. Aloud he said: "It was too bad of them to send you by themselves; they might have known better. Wasn't there any one who could come?"

"Mr. Charles Brown offered to," answered the girl, "but I didn't want him at all; I told him I would rather be alone. I am accustomed to take care of myself at home, but it is so different here, and so strange."

"Ah!" commented Henry, "and so this is your first visit to London. Rather an unpleasant beginning."

"Oh, no, now—" she hesitated. "I mean," she went on, shyly, "you have made me quite happy again, and I did enjoy the music at the Crystal Palace so much. I should get used to this big city after a time, but just at first I felt lost in it after Beccles."

"Do you live at Beccles, then?" asked Henry.

"Yes, my mother has a large shop there; every one knows 'Harwoods,'" she added, with a touch of pride. "What is your mother Mrs. Harwood? Then you must be Miss Lucy Harwood."

"How in the world do you know that?"

"I have a sister living at Beccles, Mrs. Stone; and she's told me a deal about you," said Henry, simply.

"No, you don't mean to say she's your sister! Why, then, you must be Mr. Henry Moore; I have heard of you, too." Lucy colored a little as she spoke, and the gray eyes twinkled as they met Henry's. "Mrs. Stone is our greatest friend. She's a dear, and so good to me; I am always running in and out of her house."

"I wonder I have never seen you when I have been staying with Jane," said Henry.

"Oh, I was always at school, away from home—I only left at midsummer—mother kept me hard at my lessons. But haven't we met before somewhere? I fancy I know your face."

"I sat at a table near yours to-day at the Crystal Palace; that's the first and only time I ever saw you. I should not have forgotten if we had met before."

"Oh, yes; how stupid of me! Of course I know now where I saw you; but really I was so frightened by that fog, everything seemed to go out of my head."

"No wonder," answered Henry. "It was odd Jane never told me you were going to London; she said a good deal about you in a letter I had only this morning."

"I don't think she knew about it. I did not know myself until yesterday, when my godfather came to say he had to go to London from Friday to Monday, and offered to take me with him."

"And are you going back so soon?" asked Henry, his face betraying his disappointment.

"Yes, godfather has to go; and I could not stay in the lodgings alone, could I? He is such a dear old man, godfather; he will be in a terrible state when he hears of my adventure."

"He ought to have stayed to look after you," said Henry, severely.

"Oh, poor dear, he thought I was so safe with the Browns, and he had business to attend to. But we shall see you some day at Beccles, shan't we? Are you coming to visit your sister?"

"She has invited me for Christmas, but I am not sure if I shall go—at least, I was not when I received her letter. What is the name of your street?" Henry concluded, with sudden change of manner, as he peered out into the yellow darkness. "We are almost in Camden Town."

"Camden Hill, No. 47."

"Then we had better get out here, and I will show you the way if you will allow me."

"But it's troubling you so much."

"Some troubles are a pleasure. There, take my arm, it's so dark and slippery on the stones."

Henry spoke so decidedly that there was nothing for Lucy Harwood to do but obey, besides which it was delightful for her to feel safe and in good keeping after her alarm. She grew lively, chatted to her companion as though they were old friends, and gave him various bits of information about his sister, for whom she entertained a great respect, such as Jane was wont to inspire in her acquaintances.

As for Henry, he was too happy to speak much; it was enough to feel that touch on his arm, and to hear Lucy's gay, natural way of talking. It was much to his credit that he was too conscientious to lengthen the walk more than by a few yards, and soon they found themselves on the doorstep of No. 47.

They had scarcely rung the bell when the door swung open, and the old gentleman whom Henry had already seen in the afternoon made his appearance.

"My dear girl, where have you been?" he exclaimed. "I thought you were lost." He stopped, observing Henry.

"So I should have been, dear godfather, if this gentleman had not come to my help," said Lucy. "And only think, he is Mrs. Stone's brother, of whom you have heard. Isn't it queer, the only person in all London who knows who I am should have come up just at the right moment?"

"Thankyou, sir, thankey. If anything had happened to my little girl!"—the old gentleman, overcome by the very notion of such a contingency, paused, blew his nose violently in a huge green and red silk handkerchief, then seized Henry's hand, and wrung it long and fervently. People are wont to show their emotions down at Beccles, and a small event is of great importance to them. "Sit ye down, sit ye down," he continued, "and let me hear all about it. Any one that is kind to my little girl is welcome; and you are an old friend through your sister. Ring the bell, Lucy, my dear, and order up supper."

"Why, godfather, you never mean you've waited all this time for me?"

"Why you see, my dear, I couldn't have enjoyed it alone. I expected you every minute, and then—"

"Oh, you bad old godfather," cried Lucy, running behind him and putting a hand on each side of his bald head as she kissed it on the top, "you've been worrying yourself about me, and I'm not worth it."

"Ain't you?" exclaimed the old gentleman, in delight. "It's my place to worry till you get some one else better able to take care of you; and a lucky man he'll be. But here's the tray; I really didn't know I was so hungry. Bless me, I can't get over it all yet."

That evening was a merry one. Lucy told of her adventures and her alarm with so much spirit that her godfather could not help laughing, in spite of the anger he felt toward the Browns for sending her off to shift for herself. As for Henry, he had not enjoyed anything so much for a very long time. He was surprised at his own wit and liveliness; and when they parted in the small hours it was with the hope of shortly meeting again at Beccles.

As the old gentleman let Henry out at the front door he laid his hand on his shoulder and said impressively:

ONCE A WEEK.

"Young man, your sister did not tell me a bit too much in your favor. Go in and have a try—I'll back you up; and if you succeed you'll be the luckiest fellow in the world."

He accompanied these words with a knowing nod of the head toward Lucy standing at the entrance to the sitting-room. Henry smiled and looked back toward her, wondering whether she heard. At any rate, she must have gathered the meaning of her godfather's little speech, for she disappeared blushing, with a wave of her hand.

Henry walked away in the gloom, but his heart was light. After all it's not so bad to have a managing sister when one's inclinations go with hers; and he determined that Jane should be in no doubt as to his readiness to accept her invitation.—VERE DUDLEY.

ALEXANDER SALVINI, III.

"His god is Work."

THE last time I saw Alexander Salvini, the actor, he told me with a sigh that he was getting old. That is, that in a month he would be thirty! He mentioned the fact seriously. How funny it seemed to me at the time that any man could consider himself old at thirty!

Salvini, third son of his renowned father, Tommaso Salvini, prince of actors, has been on the stage since he was four years old. That date, four years, marks the beginning of his stage existence. I am sure of so much, for, when the gifted young man told me this, he waved his strong left hand, with its big sapphire ring—very big stone—and his brown eyes danced with a fond remembrance.

"At the age of four," he said, "I appeared on the stage in a part in the 'Two Sergeants.' At ten I played an old man's part in 'The Craze for Country Life.' My daddy dressed me for the play. Yes, my daddy. I wore long trousers and had my face marked with wrinkles. It was the proudest moment of my life."

He next appeared at the age of fourteen, in what to him, at that time, was the most important character which he had tried. This was Tizianello, in "The Son of Titian." The piece was performed as a benefit, at Naples, in aid of sufferers from a volcano disaster. Many of the social leaders of the city, fair young women, took part, and brought their own splendid wardrobes. The piece deals with the revelries of the gay artists and the models, with considerable realism introduced, in the way of a revel between the models and the artists. The sun rises over Venice. Young Salvini, who has the chief role, separating himself from the embraces of a pretty model, who, with himself, has fallen into a drunken stupor, suddenly rises, and, his better self restored, he says, dramatically: "The night is yours; the day belongs to me!" Then he seizes his brushes and proceeds to work on his masterpiece, a portrait of his sweetheart. There is a pretty little romance interwoven throughout the piece. Such is a glimpse of the part in which the young man, who has since won great fame, began his dramatic career.

"But daddy," said Salvini, "would not let me act—that is, he did not wish me to go on the stage. For years he fought against it. He warned Ferrique, an eminent Italian critic, who had praised some amateur work of mine, not to encourage me, as it would drive me on the stage. It was a long time after that before I had the opportunity. I had come to America, to seek an opening as a civil engineer, to which profession daddy had brought me up; he hated the stage, for his sons, and, consequently, gave us each good practical educations. I had wandered all over the United States, in those days, looking for something to do, and, incidentally, learning the language. In New York, I met Manager Palmer. I confided in him my ambition. He asked me to recite. I did so, and he applauded me. 'But,' he ventured, 'you must offer something in English.' 'Yes,' I responded, quickly. I got out my Italian and English dictionary. 'What shall I select? Ah, I have it; I will learn Hamlet's soliloquy!' In twenty minutes I was again at Mr. Palmer's office. 'I have come to recite,' I said. 'What?' was his response, 'so soon?' 'Yes; listen to Hamlet's soliloquy.'

Young Salvini never tells this story without great good laughter. He sees now how audacious he was. Indirectly, it illustrates a point in his character—that is, his ferocious attack of work! It is the key to his life: it is the secret of his success; it is his very existence. That is why he makes such a rousing drill-master. That, too, is why he is such a fury at rehearsals. I can well understand why the ladies so adore him for his splendid figure and his rich, classic beauty; in the same breath, I may say, I can well see how, for the same reasons, small-minded men hate him. But, furthermore, now since I saw Salvini at rehearsal, at the Star, I am satisfied that there is not an intelligent man in New York, or elsewhere, that would not respect and admire him for his tremendous energy, his extraordinary application—in brief, his power to do hard, rough work.

There is no nightmare worse than trying to train supers. At the time of which I write Salvini, in this respect, had his hands full. But he hustled about like a fencing-master; and, disagreeable as the task was, he was up and at it! It was at the Star Theatre, New York. There is not much light on the Star stage. It is cold and clammy, and pneumonia-laden winds sweep over the boards. In dark corners you could hear the rattle of hammers and the squeak of saws, for the carpenters were at work. They came—the twenty supers! Salvini was rehearsing Hugo's "Guardsmen." He sat down in front, under a dim, flickering "U" light, by which is meant a single gas jet on a long iron stem. He was wrapped in a long overcoat, and wore a Fedora hat, pulled over his ears. At his right was a gentleman clad for winter; at his left a boy, dressed for summer, but shivering as he read the "lines" out of the book.

Salvini, darting about the stage, grabs this super by the shoulders, that one by the arms, calling out, in his London accent: "Form in groups, not circles!" "Remember this, now!" "Here, you kids, stop talking!" "Remember, I hear you laugh, I go at you with my sword, I get hot!"

But he did not mean this literally. It was one of the lines. Salvini was saying, as he dashed about: "When

I left home my father gave me this sword, which his grandfather had used at Aix, and my mother gave me this her blessing; I hardly know which is the more valuable." Then he stopped abruptly, and attacked the supers, with redoubled energy—telling this man to look alive, telling that one to behave, telling a third to stand on table, telling a woman to dance as she ought to dance; lively, gay, serene!

Here is a good illustration of the fashion in which Salvini spends his time at rehearsals:

Salvini speaking: "Alas! without honor, without a name, without ambition, alone, I—

"Here, you kids, go look up the road—up the road, up the road, I say!!

"Where was I at? Oh, yes, 'Alas, without honor, without a name—

"Now, then, girls, when I say this you must be moving to and fro, talking to yourselves. Here, you girl, you walk over there [walks] you; you go over there, that way, so; you talk to her, and you, you talk to her, and you, no, do not act like a stick, don't you hear me? Why don't you wake up? And now, I say, do as I say, there, that is, where was I at? Oh, yes, I was saying—

"'Alas, without honor, without a name, without ambit—

"That will never do! Never, never, never!!! I want you kids to look up the road! I want you girls to circle around! Form in groups, not circles! Remember that! Do not laugh! As soon as you laugh, I draw my sword! I get hot quick! Remember, you are gazing me; first one thing, then another; don't forget, you, over there, to throw the apple at the right time; yes, then you steal the money—

"'Alas, without honor, without a name, without ambition, alone, I wander through this—

"You will drive me mad [tears hair]; you will drive me frantic [acts frantic]; can't you do as I say, and act like this? [acts]. I will have no more of this, and now remember it—remember it!!! [acts wild]; I must be obeyed [pulls off overcoat]; I will have no more nonsense!!! [pulls off hat]; I must get through this! [glares about]; as I was saying—

"Ah, oh, um, yes, 'Alas, without honor, without a name, without ambition, alone, I wander through—

"Well, why don't you throw the apple? [glares at a girl]. I told you to move around! [moves around]. And I told you to look up the road!! [looks up the road].

"Um, ah, yes, 'Alas, without honor, without a name, without ambition, alone, I wander through the world, a mark of—

He got no further for two hours!

And so it is not easy to write of Salvini's leisure. I asked him the question, abruptly: "Tell me of your leisure?" and the man looked at me as though he thought—nay, believed—that I was out of my head. The idea of leisure! He has none. He wants none. His athletic body is on the move all the time, from daylight to dark. Even his favorite amusement—fencing—is invested with a fury and an energy that makes it hard work. He is one of the first, certainly the second, fencing-master in this country. With foils, rapiers or broadswords, he is a fearful foeman. He cuts and slashes with the wild fury of despair. So rapidly does his blade move that, oftentimes, it seems to stand still. The idea of tremendous work is always uppermost in one's mind. For, of leisure, Salvini has not. That labor at the rehearsal was an object lesson to me. I said he did not finish for two hours. That is only half a truth; he finished only when it was too dark in the corners to continue. Then he dismissed the supers, telling them to come back the next day, and be killed again!

"Ah! I salute my old friend," said Salvini, greeting a newcomer. The talk turned on receipts in Philadelphia. Salvini said:

"It is a light opera town—you know that; still our receipts were better there this year than last. One Saturday night in particular we made a gain of one hundred dollars."

"I do not think so," said an audacious agent.

"What will you bet?" said Salvini, his hot Italian blood mounting.

"Oh, anything."

"Agreed! Then let it be a good Italian dinner—for the crowd! What do you say?"

In this rash fashion does Salvini wager. If he wins, well and good; if he loses, the dinner for the crowd will easily—but no matter.

There lingers in my memory a speech made by the gifted Salvini, the third son of his father. It is sweet, tuneful and true, and that is why I cannot forget it. We had been talking of the stage, and the days of daddy's—for such, to Alexander, third, is his distinguished sire—disapproval of a theatrical career for the son. Old man Salvini knew the severity of the life, its ceaseless migrations, its insecure rewards. Young Salvini, speaking of this time, said:

"My daddy spoke to me thus: 'Choose some other art, my son. Do not follow in your father's footsteps, or you will be a wanderer on the face of the earth. Your art, too, will be lost. Once you are gone, no trace of it will remain! The poet perpetuates his life work in written books; the artist, in his canvases; the sculptor, in his marbles; but the words of the actor die with the breath that gave them utterance—or, if they live at all, exist only as a memory.'"

HERS.

Mr. Hoffman Howes—"I see some fellow has an article in the *Forum* entitled, 'Have We Two Bwains or One?' What do you think of that question, Miss Fligh?"

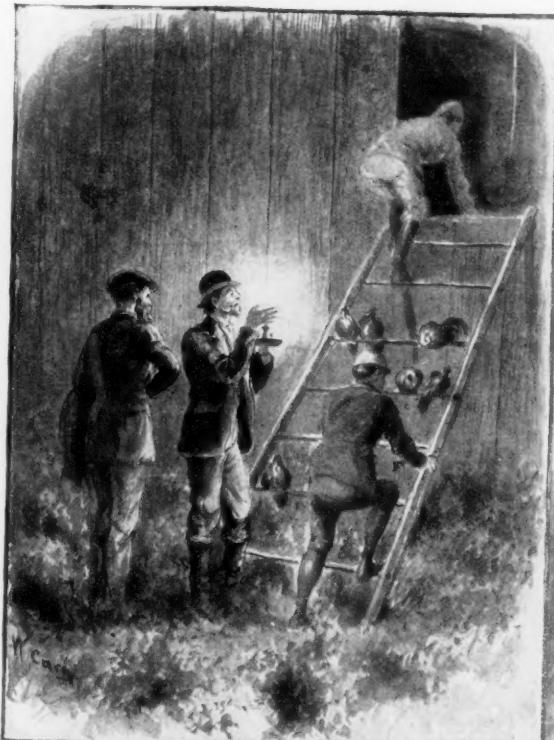
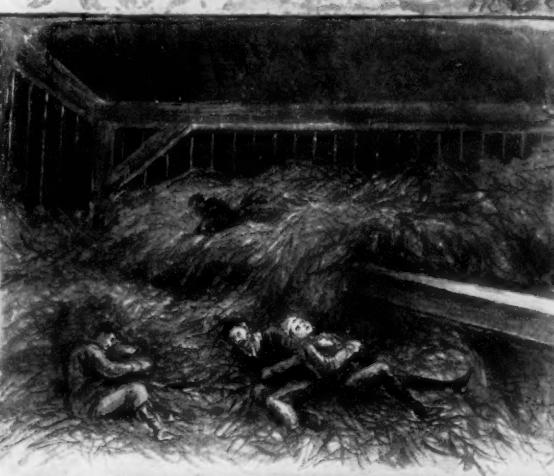
Miss Fligh—"Well, really, between you and me I think we have only one."

THE Kebo Valley Club, the swellest of Bar Harbor's swell organizations, entertained Secretary Herbert and other swell salts of the Navy Department, August 20, at a ball whereat were eight hundred people. The Secretary is on a tour of inspection. Bar Harbor ranks high.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been a favorite with never-failing popularity. It cures acidity, stimulates the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



CATCHING MENHADEN.

GENTLEMEN ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU
TO YOUR ROOMSOUR OUTFIT ON ITS WAY TO THE LAKE
AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

PREPARING SUPPER IN THE DESERTED HOUSE.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

CAMPING OUT.—A TALE OF SUMMER ADVENTURES.

WE were a party of four—Silas Kettel, or Sie, as we will hereafter call him, at whose house we boarded; Mr. Schmitz, a jolly German and an excellent shot with the rifle; my father, who was also a good sportsman, and myself. We had grown tired of the trout-fishing in the streams around Sie's house and longed for more exciting sport. This we hoped to find at Perch Lake, in the mountains, not many miles away, and having made provision for a two weeks' outing, we started one fine morning in Sie's wagon, carrying with us the necessary kit.

It was evening when we reached our destination, a small clearing on the lake shore. Here we found a deserted cabin and a barn that belonged to two old hunters and trappers, who occupied them in the winter only. They had also left their boat on the lake, a flat-bottomed one, roughly constructed out of boards, but good enough to serve our purpose. The hut consisted of

two rooms, a kitchen and general workshop. The loft was the sleeping-room. In the kitchen was an old stove and around the floor were strewn pieces of logs cut into the right size to split into shingles. We made a table of an old door, with pieces of logs for legs. Near the house was a sparkling spring, in which Mr. Schmitz put some bottles of beer to keep cool. The barn was a rude structure of logs, with a loft partly filled with hay.

Sie lighted a couple of candles and prepared supper. He made coffee and fried eggs and bacon. When all was ready we sat around the table, using pieces of logs for seats. When we had satisfied our hunger and washed the pans and scoured our tin plates, we sat around the fire and listened while Sie and my father related some of their hunting experiences.

When it was time to retire Sie led the way to the barn. The loft was reached by a ladder, on which some chickens left by the trappers were roosting. Mr.

Schmitz went up first, the rest followed, Sie being the last, with the candle, which he blew out after we had selected a place to lie on. The hay was full of dried thistles and briers, which stuck into you every time you moved. Mr. Schmitz went over to the further end of the barn, and selected a spot where the hay was cleaner and had less briers in it. He soon fell asleep, but the rest of us had a hard time trying to follow his example. There was quite a space between the boards on the sides of the barn, and numerous holes in the roof through which we could see the stars shining brightly outside; we could hear the mice squeak and scamper over the hay in their midnight gambols.

About three o'clock in the morning we managed to get to sleep. It seemed as if we had scarcely closed our eyes when Sie awoke us. He then built a fire and prepared breakfast, while the rest of us collected our traps for a day's hunt up the lake after breakfast. Hav-

ing finished our breakfast, we started in the boat. All carried rifles except Mr. Schmitz, who sported a shotgun. His great ambition was to shoot a crow, and having hitherto failed in the attempt with a rifle, he vowed he would bore one full of holes with buckshot. Sie rowed us about a mile and a half up the lake to a low, sandy island, which was a great feeding-ground for spotted sandpiper, probably better known to sportsmen as teter-tail or tip-up. Mr. Schmitz shot about a dozen of them. After looking around the island, we returned to the boat and continued up the lake. Toward noon, as we were about to land to cook our dinner, we started up a flock of ducks among the rushes near the shore. My father, Sie and I raised our rifles almost simultaneously, and taking a hasty aim, fired. Only two birds fell, and on picking them up we found that they were a pair of blue-winged teal. We landed on a small clearing, made our coffee and roasted some of the spotted sandpipers on sticks over the fire. We then fell to, and did full justice to the meal. It was very pleasant, with the squirrels' chatter around and above us and the songs of the birds. Back in the woods we could hear the dull rapping of the woodpecker on the tree-trunks. It seemed a perfect paradise, and when the time came to start back to camp we had to tear ourselves away from the spot.

On the way back to camp I got out a trolling-spoon and line and trolled for pickerel. By the time we arrived I had caught six good-sized ones. Sie immediately proceeded to prepare supper, and, after cleaning the ducks, he put them in the oven to roast. We seemed to do nothing but eat, so quickly did the time pass from meal to meal. We had an excellent supper—pickerel, roast duck, the last of the eggs, some watercresses we obtained from the spring, coffee, bread and butter.

We again repaired to the barn, but being very tired from having had hardly any rest the previous night, we fell asleep almost as soon as we lay down, in spite of the thistles and mice. When we awoke the sun was high in the heavens, for we had all overslept ourselves. My father and Mr. Schmitz spent the greater part of the second day fishing, while Sie and I went back of the camp among some saplings and underbrush hunting for partridge. Sie took the shotgun and I my rifle. We had not advanced far into the copse when up flew a partridge almost at our feet. It was so unexpected that before Sie could raise his gun to shoot the bird had flown about thirty yards away and dropped out of sight among the underbrush. But we were on the lookout for him now, so when we again started him up Sie had little difficulty in shooting him. We kept this sport up for about an hour, and by the end of that period we had bagged twelve partridges. Having had enough of this sport, we retired to a bog, where we bagged four woodcocks. When we reached camp with our game-bags full Mr. Schmitz vowed he would rather go hunting than sit still in a boat and fish. So he and my father went hunting next morning, while we tried our hand at fishing.

About eight days passed in this way without any special event happening worth mentioning, except when Mr. Schmitz got stuck in the mud while hunting for woodcock, and it took all our united efforts to pull him out. But one day while Sie was out hunting he discovered the tracks of a bear. On hearing the news we all immediately seized our rifles, buttoned on our cartridge-belts, and were ready to go where Sie would lead us. The place where he had discovered the tracks was in the thickest part of the woods. Sie took the lead; we followed the trail for about three hours. First it led us this way and then another; then we would find where the bear had doubled on his track. We finally came to more open and rocky ground, where the trail became almost indistinct. Sie, seeing that the trail led among the rocks, said: "We are near the game; keep very quiet. I should not be surprised if we were among those large boulders at the base of yonder cliff." We instantly unslung our rifles, and following Sie, advanced stealthily forward. When we were about one hundred yards from the boulders Sie stopped and told Mr. Schmitz to lie down behind some rocks, which commanded a bird's-eye view of the pass between the boulders, where the bear had entered. Then Sie and my father separated, I going with my father. We were to make a wide detour and try to corner the bear; but if we failed in this, we were to drive him toward the place where Mr. Schmitz was stationed in ambush.

We moved with great caution, scrambling over rocks and crawling cautiously around boulders in order to get near our game. We had reached the foot of the cliff and were wondering if we had not made some mistake when, not fifty yards away, we saw an immense black bear, which, on perceiving us, immediately arose upon its haunches with a growl and exposed to view his ugly, gaping jaws. I will not deny that my knees knocked together when I saw this sight. My father raised his rifle and was about to shoot, when we heard a yell and the bear dropped out of sight behind a boulder. Looking around, we perceived Sie advancing on a run. When he saw us and we told him how he had spoiled my father's aim, he felt very sorry. We all instantly started in pursuit of the bear, which had taken the path leading directly to Mr. Schmitz's ambush. We came up just in time to see the bear run toward the rocks, scramble over them and disappear on the other side. We heard a yell, and ran with all our speed toward the rocks, expecting to find Mr. Schmitz in deadly combat with the bear. What we did see was Mr. Schmitz lying panting on the ground with big beads of perspiration on his brow, his legs and arms shaking like an aspen, while the bear was making off along a ridge with all the speed he could muster. We soon got Mr. Schmitz on his feet again, and convinced him that he was not hurt, but had only had a big touch of buck ague.

The black bear is a remarkably swift runner, and as we were about five miles from camp and the sun was beginning to set, we gave up the chase and started back for camp, which we did not reach until it was quite late. The next day was occupied in taking our final hunt and fish. In the evening Rastus, the man from the farm, drove up to the camp with a lumber wagon in which to transport us and our belongings home. The next morning we collected our traps and piled them on the wagon. Then, taking a last look at our camp, to

which we had grown quite attached, we climbed on the seat and started for home. We all felt as if we had left some dear friend behind.

On the way back we saw some crows on the top of a tree near the road. Rastus immediately stopped the horses. Mr. Schmitz took aim and fired; but, as we expected, he missed. I mischievously raised my gun and fired at them while on the wing, and by accident happened to hit one, which came fluttering downward. It made Mr. Schmitz furious to think that a mere boy could shoot a crow on the wing when he could not shoot one sitting still. We all look back with pleasure to the time we spent camping out, but Mr. Schmitz is still possessed with that one great desire to shoot a crow.

CLINTON M. CARY.

GOOD LUCK FROM BABY.

"EN voiture, Messieurs et Mesdames," came the shrill cry of the driver of the "Diligence" which plied some thirty years ago between a chain of straggling French villages and a small seaside resort which was slowly growing into favor with Parisians. The conveyance was a survival of the antique world relegated to country use, as the railways had superseded it in the towns. It was heavy, it was cumbersome; the harness was a good deal repaired with rope, and I was heartily sick of the vehicle at the end of the first stage. Still, I had booked my rooms at the seaside resort, and this Diligence was the only way of reaching the village, unless I chartered a private conveyance. We had halted for dinner at a quaint old inn still rejoicing in the out-of-date title of "Le Dauphin," and in its exterior greatly resembling the old "Tabard" whence Chaucer's pilgrim set out, the exterior gallery proving convenient for our outside passengers, who stepped from thence to the roof of the machine. We changed drivers as well as horses at this halting-place, and instead of a brisk, good-tempered young Jehu, fell into the hands of a crusty old fellow who came up late, and, as is often the wont with unpunctual persons, began to hurry up every one else. All Continental travelers know the bustle and flurry which attends any departure in France. Although we had no particular time to keep, driver, and conductor, and passengers, and onlookers, all hurried, and screamed, and jostled against each other as if life and death depended upon their speed; and after all this commotion a couple of English coaches would have started, without any fuss at all, in less time than it took us to get under way.

"Pardon, M'sieur," and a good-looking young woman stumbled into the vehicle, already nearly full, with a baby in her arms. She had been carrying on a voluble dialogue with the conductor in a rapid *patois* beyond my linguistic powers to follow; but, apparently, it related to the question of the security of certain packages which their owner desired to see placed upon the Diligence before getting into it herself. The young woman had been standing upon the steps of the vehicle while conducting her argument, and her brisk entrance into its interior was chiefly due to a vigorous propulsion on the part of the conductor, who hastened to bang the door upon her. But his passenger was not thus easily pacified. Craning her neck, she apparently perceived something go amiss with her precious property. Another coach was loading in the inn yard, and, springing up, she abruptly thrust her baby into my arms with a cry of "Tiens," opened the door, and whisked out. The next second the conductor, who had got down to exchange a few last words with the landlord, sprang back on his perch, slammed the door, cried "En route," and the Diligence with its four horses was half-way down the village street before I had recovered breath—and French—to expostulate regarding the soft, warm, wriggling bundle thus unceremoniously thrust upon me.

Though I was nearer forty than thirty, this was my first tour abroad, and I possessed all the shyness of an untraveled man whose time had been passed rather in the society of his books than of his fellow-creatures. I always possessed the tastes of a student, and various circumstances had rendered my life a somewhat lonely one from boyhood. I had been content with my literary occupations and interests, my private means being sufficient to place me above the necessity of embracing any profession as a means of a livelihood; but I had lately gone through a trying illness, and my doctors unanimously recommended me "a complete change," a tour abroad if possible. I shrank from encountering the crowd at a fashionable watering-place, and, from the report of a friend, was led to select the quiet little Normandy fishing village as a place likely to suit me. I had already spent several pleasant weeks in roaming about quaint old towns and quiet villages in the fair old duchy which was once an appanage of the English crown, and was looking forward to an agreeable sojourn at the seaside to conclude my holiday.

This wretched accident was the first untoward occurrence which had befallen me on my travels. I had not lived so utterly out of the world as not to understand the trick which had been robably played upon me—the device of thus deserting a baby was no new one. Was I not myself familiar with the "ballad" which describes how a luckless doctor was, I to myself, saddled with an infant which a "lovely lady" asked him to "hold" for a few minutes at a railway station, and which the poor man literally took "to have and to hold" for their mutual lives?

And now, to add to my troubles, the wretched infant, probably finding me an awkward enough nurse (I had never touched a child of any age before), suddenly contorted itself like a person seized with epilepsy, nearly wriggled out of my grasp, and then set up a long-sustained series of yells of a loudness perfectly surprising for so small a creature to emit. I suppose I looked like a fool; anyway, my predicament seemed to afford exquisite entertainment to my fellow-travelers, who, rather to the disgrace of their boasted national politeness, fell into paroxysms of laughter, one fat old market-woman in the corner of the vehicle fairly wiping her eyes from the exuberance of her mirth. I essayed to stop the Diligence, but the conductor had scrambled on the roof out of my ken, and my fellow-travelers were too occupied in laughing at me to render me any assistance. No, not all my fellow-travelers.

"I think the baby will be quieter if I take him," said a gentle voice opposite, which at that moment sounded like an angel's in my ear, for the Diligence was tearing away as fast as four horses could take it, and the awful baby was becoming black in the face with its exertions. I too gladly thrust my unworthy burden into the kindly arms held out for it, and then peered through my glasses (I am terribly near-sighted) at the good Samaritan whom fate had so opportunely sent to my aid.

She was a girl of about four or five and twenty, very simply and neatly dressed in black—so neatly, indeed, that on first taking my seat in the Diligence I had supposed her, like the rest of the occupants of the vehicle, to be French, more especially as she had been addressing the conductor in his native tongue with an ease and fluency which led me to think her his compatriot. I can read French readily, but my studies have lain rather among the dead languages than the living ones; and in the crisis I could far more easily have made my case known to Homer or Tacitus in their native tongue than explained matters to the nineteenth century conductor in modern French.

I hailed the intervention of my young countrywoman with inexpressible thankfulness. And what a pleasant voice she possessed!

"I do not think the mother had any intention of deserting her baby," went on my good angel, gently soothing the infant, who appeared to appreciate his change of nurse as much as I did. "She only got out to see after her box. I think she is sure to follow by the next Diligence."

"I will get out and walk back then," I cried.

But this was easier said than done. First, the conductor was on the roof, and it was some minutes before he could be communicated with. Then, when by cries and signals I had succeeded in attracting his attention, the driver flatly refused, with many strange and varied foreign expletives, to stop the Diligence, save at the appointed halting-place. He was very late already; he had incurred censure before for this failing, and, as far as I could make out, he devoted himself to all the powers of evil if he stopped to oblige.

The man was evidently a surly fellow, and had been imbibing something stronger than *vin ordinaire* before starting. He held the key of the position from his seat on the driving box, and if he declined to stop, I was equally resolved not to risk my neck by alighting from a vehicle in motion. Besides, I had now at least got the baby out of my arms. I could hardly leave it in those of my kindly helper, and the idea of walking back some miles carrying the precious infant scarcely commended itself to me. So I decided to adopt the advice of the conductor, and continue my journey to the next halting-place, my final destination.

Like my young countrywoman, the conductor appeared to think this leaving of the infant was rather the result of accident than design; for, although the mother was a stranger to him, he charitably remarked that she had *bonne mine*, and did not look like a *trompeuse*.

So I resigned myself to the inevitable, and, the baby being now peacefully asleep, entered into a little quiet chat with my countrywoman. She was a lady—I knew that from her voice when she first addressed me—and, though not actually pretty, had a remarkably pleasing expression of countenance, possessing a sensible, good-tempered face, which children certainly would "take to," as the phrase runs. I did not wonder that the baby had ceased its shrieks, and nestled so confidently against the girl's bosom.

My life hitherto had been one of such seclusion, my horizon so bounded for years by the walls of my library, that it was like a glimpse into a strange new world to look across at the slender little figure with the pretty baby—it really was a pretty child—asleep in her lap. An odd sense of something missed, something wanting in my own life rose within my heart; and the idea actually crossed my mind that a similar group might make an agreeable *vis-à-vis* by my library fireside during the long, long winter evenings, which were sometimes rather lonely now, despite of my books. Pshaw! what had an old bachelor to do with such sentimental ideas? But I enjoyed my chat with the girl, and she and the baby made a pretty picture to look upon.

"Voci," and the conductor banged the door open; we had reached our destination. But here fresh trouble awaited us. It seemed that no other Diligence would come in until the next day, and there was therefore little likelihood of the mother, with the best will in the world, being able to claim her offspring that evening. My young friend, like myself, was bound for V—; and we, and our luggage and the baby, had all been deposited there by the Diligence, which had pursued its way to the next village.

What was to be done with the infant for the night? I looked despairingly at my companion.

"I cannot offer to take charge of it myself," she said, answering my unspoken request, "for I am not living in my own home. I am governess in an English family who reside in Paris," she added, after a moment's pause, "and am staying in this village with some of my pupils who require sea-bathing. One returned to his parents this morning, and I am on my way back after seeing him safely into the train for Paris."

I looked despairingly at the sleeping infant. Was I to take it with me to my hotel?

"I know a very respectable woman here who does our washing, and lives in a clean little cottage," said the young lady, after a moment's consideration. "I think she would take charge of the baby for the night."

I caught at this happy suggestion, and we walked together to the abode of Madame Felix, who gladly and readily consented to receive the little stranger *pour faire plaisir à sa chère Mlle. Hélène*, with whom she appeared to be on very friendly terms. I slipped a few francs in the woman's hand and turned away, greatly relieved at this peaceful termination of what had seemed rather an awkward accident. In thanking my kindly adviser, I had ventured to offer her my card, and learned in exchange that her name was Helen Grey.

I am not always an early riser, but I was up and about in very good time the next morning, naturally desirous to learn the fate of the lost little one. As I turned my steps toward Madame Felix's cottage, did the idea cross my mind that Miss Grey might be prompted by similar curiosity, and that I might meet

her again there? This, however, did not occur; but an excited young woman—the very person who had thrust the child into my arms on the previous day—rushed out of the cottage as soon as she caught sight of me, and burst into a torrent of incoherent thanks, explanations and apologies, which speedily gathered around us all the neighbors and covered me with confusion. As far as I could gather from this volume of words in a foreign tongue, it seemed that the mother had certainly never intended making me a present of the *petite ange*, whose temporary guardian I had been; the young woman had merely jumped out of the Diligence to look after her boxes, and had not reckoned upon the cross-grained Jehu driving off without her.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur, my desolation when I beheld the Diligence disappearing out of sight. Vainly do I cry after it. It has turned a corner and vanishes."

The poor woman had actually walked many weary miles that night, aided by an occasional "lift" in the market-cart of some kindly peasant, rather than wait for the next Diligence to travel after her lost treasure. Once arrived at the village, it was easy to trace the baby's whereabouts; for its arrival, in charge of a "Monsieur Anglais," had been noted by all the village gossips, and the happy mother was now only anxious to relieve her mind by thanks to me, and the reverse of benedictions to the driver and conductor of the Diligence, who, I suspect, endured a bad quarter of an hour next time they met the indignant young woman.

It was, of course, only reasonable that I should desire to inform Miss Grey of the baby's return to its lawful guardian. Miss Grey had told me her name, but not her address. However, the village was a small one, and all its visitors sure to meet each other on its little *plate*. I betook myself there, and waited; and, after a while, was rewarded by seeing my traveling companion walking with two little boys. I went up to her to relate my news—of which, however, she was already aware, having paid an earlier visit than mine to Madame Félix—and then we walked up and down together, chatting as we went.

I suppose it was very unconventional, but somehow I seemed to meet Helen Grey a good deal as the days went by. Was it our fault that the village was so small that all its occupants were bound to encounter each other every time they went out? There was but one regular sea-promenade, and there the young governess was, of course, bound to take her pupils, who, by the way, had struck up a great friendship with me—I fear it was not wholly disinterested one on either side—and always greeted me with acclamations.

"There's Mr. Martin, Miss Grey! Let us run after him. Well, I shall, anyway; for he always gives us cakes and fruit from Mère Voisin's basket."

"You seem to be very fond of children," said Miss Grey to me one day when I had, as usual, "treated" her pupils (most objectionable specimens of spoiled children) from the stall of the old woman who sat at the corner of the *plate* selling gingerbread and plums.

I felt a little twinge of conscience, but answered boldly: "Oh, yes! I like your little pupils very much." As in truth I did, when they made it easy for me to talk to their governess.

For a new interest had arisen in my hitherto secluded and uneventful life. I had certainly never been a ladies' man—had never, in fact, been thrown much into any female society save that of my invalid mother, whose feeble health had caused us to lead so retired an existence all the years we were together. I had grown up from youth to manhood content to find my chief amusement and interest in my books. My mother was never a demonstrative woman, and satisfied to know that I was still under her roof, did not encourage me to break away from my studies to give her more of my companionship; and her invalid condition, perhaps also some natural unsociability of disposition, induced her to give up all society after her widowhood, an event which occurred when I was a boy at school. Since then we had resided together in the old family house, and I had grown shyer and shyer of entering general society, and more and more engrossed in my books. A year previously my mother had died; and my life had flown on in its old monotonous, uneventful channels until now. I could not blind myself to the fact that I was beginning to find great pleasure in the society of Helen Grey, to count upon our daily meetings, to look forward to them as I had never yet done to anything in the world. Never before had I been thrown into the society of an educated, cultured woman who could take interest in all my pet topics. My mother was, as I have said, a very undemonstrative person, and in her bereavement and suffering had become a disciple of a stern school of Puritan theology which discouraged all outward expressions of affection, and tabooed as sinful indulgences most of life's innocent pleasures. My mother would have deemed it wrong to permit herself to squander precious time in the perusal of aught save religious literature; and though she never interfered with my studies—perhaps because my books were the only recreation I indulged in, and she may have feared that to deprive me of these might tempt me into worse extravagances—she would never have entered into my pursuits, nor encouraged me to talk of them to her. I sincerely esteemed my mother. I may say, without self-conceit, that I was ever a dutiful son, and I would have loved her more had she encouraged—I had almost written permitted—me to do so. But from childhood I had been repressed and thrown back upon myself, until I found more actual companionship in my library, amid my beloved books, than in my mother's apartments.

Helen Grey had been exceptionally highly educated by her father, a country parson whose abilities had been buried in a remote rural vicarage, where he nevertheless contrived to keep up his own studies and imbue his motherless daughter—his only child—with his own love of books. Left almost unprovided for at his death, Helen had turned to the calling of a governess as her best means of support, and been fairly fortunate in finding employment, although personally I would rather have swept a crossing than been plagued with the objectionable imps with whom she bore so patiently, and for whom she even evinced affection.

"The boys would be good children enough if their mother spoiled them less," Helen once remarked; "and the eldest, whom I am preparing for a school in England, is a very clever lad, and I quite enjoy teaching

him. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are really very kind people, only—" she laughed and hesitated—"well, they are not exactly intellectual companions, and I often miss the talks about books which I used to have with my father."

I discovered in later days that Helen's employers were retired tradespeople—kindly, but vulgar to the utmost—and although desirous that their children should receive educational advantages, utterly destitute of such culture themselves.

The days, the weeks, went rapidly by. It was all so pleasant in the present that I did not look to the future. Only sometimes when I thought of returning to my solitary home, and of ending all this delightful intercourse—well, a middle-aged bachelor, shy, awkward, short-sighted, should learn to be resigned to his lot. Sometimes the thought crossed my mind that I would risk all, and put my fate to the touch; but I shrank from the chance of breaking up our present happy intercourse. For I felt sure that Helen Grey was not a woman to marry for a home and an income—and was it likely that any young girl's heart would be won by such a suitor as myself? So we walked and discussed books and kindred topics, and I "enjoyed the day" as desperately as any epicurean of old.

The end came at last.

"We return to Paris to-morrow," said Helen, one afternoon as we paced together, as usual, along the *plate*, the boys running races in front of us.

No scandal was caused in the village by our daily meetings, which, had Helen been a French girl, would have been looked upon as terribly *inconvenable*, even disreputable; but were we not English, and therefore "mad," and privileged? Moreover, the villagers, noting our arrival together, had taken up an idea that I was a relative of Helen's, come down to look after her and her young charges. Indeed, I blush to confess that the landlady at my hotel once informed me she had seen me walking with *Melle. ma Cousine*, and I had not disowned this supposed relationship.

Though I knew that our stay at the village could not be indefinitely prolonged, I experienced a terrible shock at Helen's words.

"You are going away so soon?" I said.

"We have been here six weeks; it is nearly five weeks since you arrived with the baby," replied the girl, with a smile.

"The time has passed too quickly," I remarked, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Holidays often do," said Helen, abruptly, and then walked on in silence—a silence which neither of us seemed inclined to break.

"You will go back to-morrow to Paris, to that weary round of teaching spoiled children, and associating with uncongenial companions," I cried.

"What can I do?" said the girl, gently. "My employers are kind in their way, and I am fortunate on the whole in my situation. I am an orphan, and have no near relatives."

I formed a desperate resolve. I would risk my fate, come what might.

I took her hand.

"I, too, am an orphan, and have no near relatives; and I find my life a very lonely and solitary one. Helen, will you be willing to brighten it? Can you love me well enough to be my wife? I know I am not worthy of you; but I love you, darling. Can you say you will come to me?"

The reader can fill up the rest of the scene from his imagination or experience. My answer was not a refusal.

I forgave good Mrs. Wilson all her vulgarity, and her lack of h's at the commencement of some words, and l's at the termination of others, in view of her hearty reception of me as the *flâneur* of her young governess, and chiefly in view of her in looseness of my entreaty that our quiet bridal should take place as speedily as possible.

"For I won't deceive you, Mr. Martin—this bit of luck to 'Ellen comes in just handy for our own plans. Wilson's been hankering to take a run over to Australia to see his married sister, and we'd thought of putting all the boys to school, and frisking off to Melbourne ourselves. But though governesses are to be picked up, so to speak, on gooseberry bushes, situations ain't; and I was just casting about for another engagement for Miss Grey, who's a dear good girl, before breaking this plan of ours to her. But now's she got an engagement for herself, a perman'cy," and the good woman laughed at her own wit.

The Wilsons behaved very kindly, and I was grateful to them for expediting our marriage, which took place from their house.

My dream picture, as imagined in the old Diligence, of a sweet-faced woman holding a sleeping child in her lap, seated opposite to me in my library at home, is a spectacle which has grown tolerably familiar to me during the last thirty years, but which has never lost its attraction in my eyes. Helen, my darling wife, fairer and dearer to me than was ever her Trojan namesake to Paris, was long the central figure in that sweet domestic scene. To-day I look across at our eldest daughter, seated in her mother's place, with our first-born grandchild in her arms.

"Who, like myself, might never have been here if that strange baby had not been thrust into your arms in the Diligence," laughs Helen the second.

"Yes, I owe all the happiness of my life to that cross-grained French Jehu who would not wait for his fare."

SWIMMING GREAT HERDS OF CATTLE.

MANY of the cattle shipped to the Chicago market are bred in Texas, and, having remained there two years, are driven to Montana and there fed on the ranges for two more years.

They bring a better market price by this method, as the short curly grass of Montana is most nutritious, and that, combined with the more Northern climate, makes better beef. From the Pan-Handle of Texas, where begins the great range of Farwell & Taylor, stretching away for two hundred and twenty-five miles, to their other range in Montana, sixty miles north of the

Yellowstone, is eleven hundred miles, and this distance is traveled by the great herds from May to August. The route passes through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, and twelve to fifteen miles are made daily. The driest portion of the trail is found in Colorado. Herds have been driven a distance of eighty miles without water and with the loss of but a few; then when water is reached care must be taken to prevent overcrowding and crushing. Three large streams are swum—the North and South Platte and the Yellowstone, the most dangerous of all being the Yellowstone, with its swift current, and uncertain and changeable bottom.

Usually no greater number than forty-five hundred are driven in one herd, and the swimming of one of this size across the Yellowstone is no easy task; two days are sometimes consumed, with the constant attention of fifteen to twenty cowboys, the number allotted to such a herd. At times the cattle will readily take to the water, entering a few at a time and following the spare horses of the cowboys that are driven ahead. At other times they turn back or bunch together in the stream and circle about, thereby endangering their lives. Then the cowboy must swim out with his pony and stop this "milling" process. He takes great risk, and it sometimes happens that one is drowned. At the Yellowstone crossing near Miles City, on one occasion, a cowboy and pony disappeared in the water and were never seen alive; it was thought that he had forgotten to loosen the saddle-girth, thus impairing the animal's power to swim. Another was thrown over the head of his horse and only by great exertion prevented the animal, which had turned on its side, from drowning. Strange as it seems, horses and mules will attempt suicide by drowning. At the Yellowstone River, use is made of several islands, and this year the crossings were remarkably successful: the cattle took to the water readily, swam easily and landed on the islands; then, by a little urging, made for the other bank and reached it about one mile below the starting-point. They presented the appearance of a large fish-hook, the curve being near the landing-point; two to five were abreast, there was no crowding, and but a few swam back to the near bank. Some few mired in the soft bank, and before extricating themselves one had lost its life through over-exertion. In this herd were steers. A "cow and calf" herd is troublesome in the extreme, each cow looking out for her calf and all bellowing at the top of their voices; some turn back and cause a rush to the rear, and all must be started again. When the cattle get in this restless and stubborn mood about swimming, the cowboys sing to them in a low, plaintive manner, which has a quieting effect; this is also done on stormy nights when a stampede is feared. The cattle swim much better when the sun is in their rear, and the crossing is always so timed.

It seems strange that these Southern-reared cattle can endure the severe Montana winters, where the thermometer drops to forty and fifty degrees below zero; but they do endure the cold, succumbing, however, to the spring blizzards when they are in the worst condition to battle with the storms.

ARMY.

FEIGNING DEATH.

WRITING to *Nature*, August 8, Mr. Oswald H. Latter thus alludes to the Currant Moth's power of shamming death:

"The discussion, a few months since, of the feigning of death in reptiles induced me to experiment on the Currant Moth, whose powers of 'shamming' are so familiar. The moth was first seized by one wing, and it at once feigned death; thereupon I cut off its head with a pair of scissors, and the animal continued to feign death. I use the expression advisedly, for absolute immobility was maintained for some seconds, and then violent fluttering ensued, causing the animal to rush wildly about the table, but failing to lift it into the air. In this condition any impulse, such as touching or pinching, induced a repetition of 'shamming.' After a strong stimulus the shamming was prolonged, and indeed a direct connection was obvious between the strength of stimulus and the length of period of quiescence. This power of response to stimulus was maintained for two days, and then weak fluttering set in for some hours, followed by death. Our entire ignorance of the physiology of the nervous system of insects renders it difficult to draw complete conclusions from these phenomena; nevertheless, it is difficult to conceive that volition can persist for forty-eight hours in a decapitated animal. We are forced then to conclude that here, at any rate, death-feigning is a purely reflex phenomenon, and that the sensory stimulus received by the surface of the body causes inhibitory impulses to arise reflexly from the ganglia of the central nerve chain, and prevent all movement of the locomotor muscles. In confirmation of this, it may be mentioned that denuding the wing of its scales over any area caused a marked diminution of sensitiveness over the area so treated. Since all stages between sensory hairs and ordinary scales occur in Lepidoptera, it is not unreasonable to assume that the scales still function as tactile organs, in spite of their modification subserving decorative purposes."

BOOKS.

Books are sometimes mirrors
Wherin you may espy
Clear-browed Philosophy;
And sometimes they are echoes
From the fair hills of Time,
Breathing a soul sublime;

And sometimes they are jungles
Whence reason lies away—
Who cares, may hunt the prey;
And sometimes they are trumpets
That discords only nourish;
The gods forgive the flourish!

—BEREHA STEVENS.

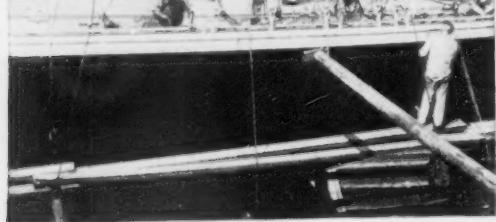
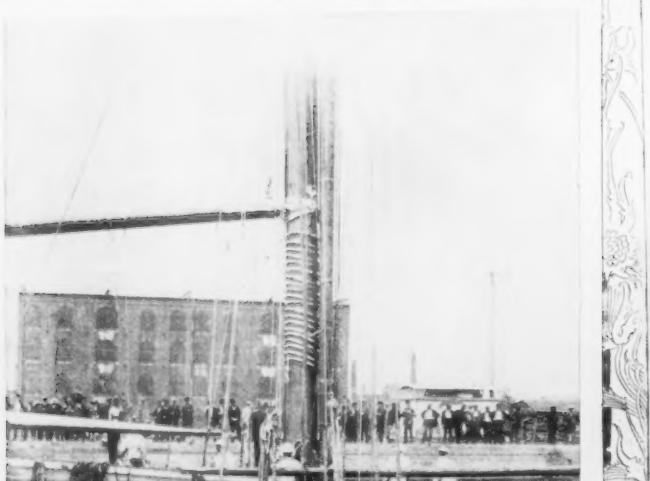
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SIDE
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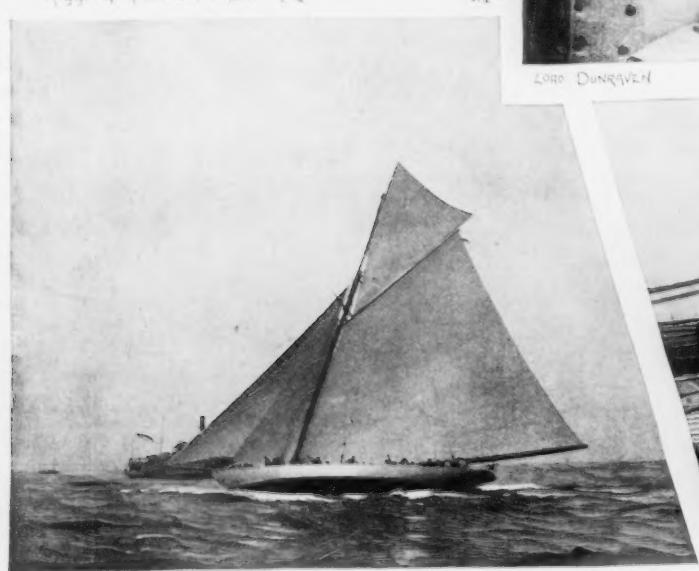
RIGGING MAST ON VALKYRIE



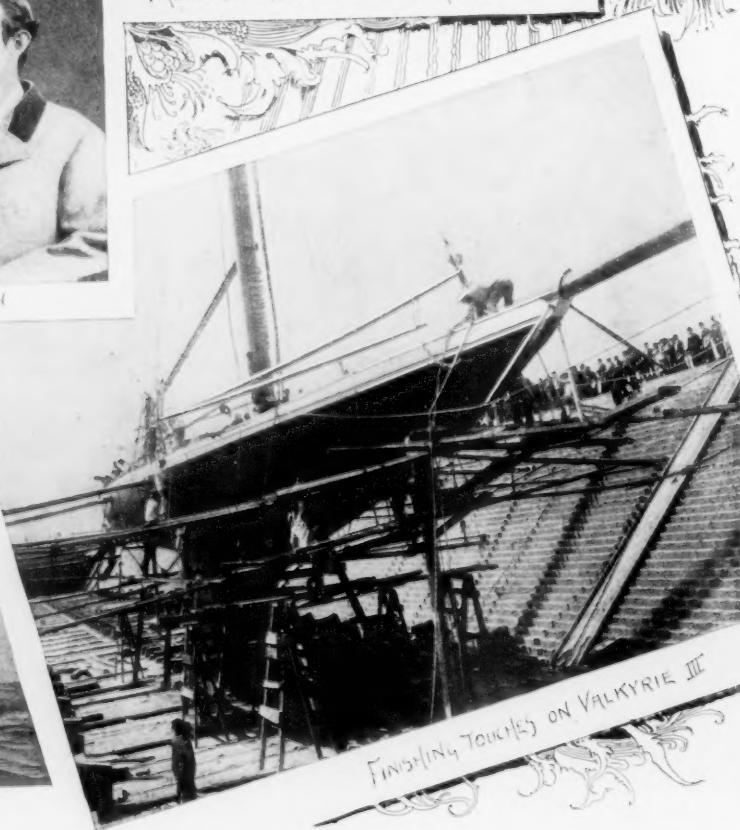
Lord DUNRAVEN



VALKYRIE READY TO BE FLOATED

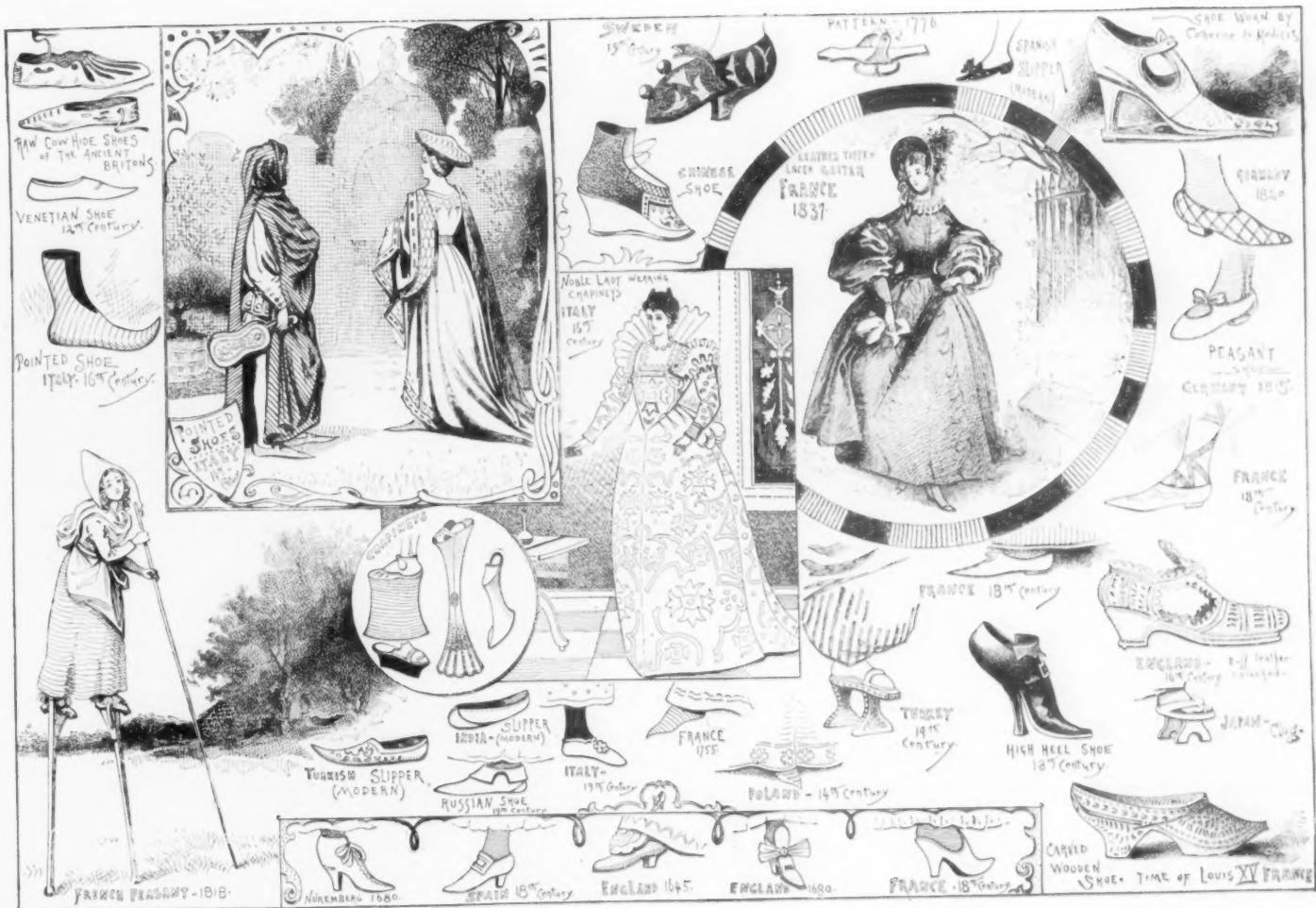


OUR DEFENDER TAKING A SPIN



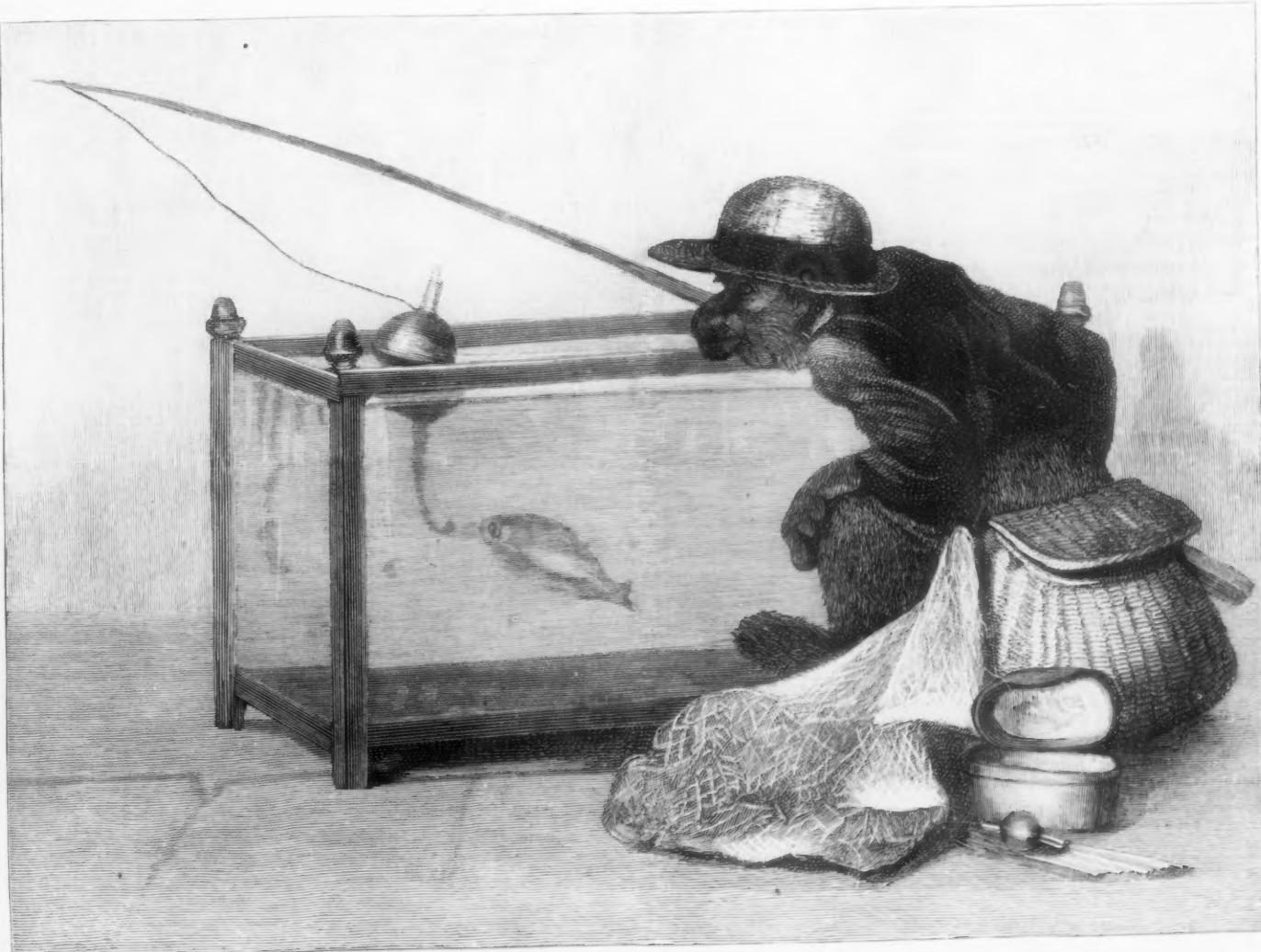
FINISHING TOUCHES ON VALKYRIE III

PREPARING THE "VALKYRIE III." FOR THE GREAT YACHT RACE.



SHOES AND FOOT COVERINGS OF ALL TIMES.

(See page 14.)



IT BITES!

SHOES.—WHENCE THEY CAME.

THE sandal as worn by the Romans was really of little service to the men and women of olden time, who had to live in the countries of Northern Europe, and therefore shoes (if those early articles, so rough and unshapely, deserved the name), to serve as a protection against cold, became a necessity. The shoes worn by the ancient Britons generally reached up as high as the ankles and were made—according to Meyrick—of raw cowhide, the hair side of which was turned outward. Some of these old shoes were found buried in the ground in England, and were made of one piece of untanned leather slit in several places, through which a thong passed. This, on being tightly drawn, fastened the shoe round the foot like a purse. Of the Anglo-Saxon shoes it is said: "Ordinarily they had one slit straight down over the instep and fastened by a thong put above it, but there are instances of their being slit in many places, giving them the appearance of sandals. In all examples, however, they come up as high as the ankle and are very difficult to distinguish from buskins or half-boots." That the Anglo-Saxons had different shaped shoes is shown by the fact that they had words to distinguish the shoes that did not reach any higher than the ankle from those which mounted above it.

During the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries the shoes of the common people made of leather were often stained or painted black, and those of the nobles and ecclesiastics decorated with gold or embroidered. The pointed-toed shoe was first worn in England during the reign of William Rufus, and is said to have been adopted by some one of prominence who wished to disguise a deformity. The fashion lasted, through many changes, till the reign of Henry VII., a period of nearly four hundred years. Many of the early shoes were made with soles of wood, even those worn by royal personages.

It is interesting to note that the people of the Middle Ages used to walk with the foot in its normal position. The heel being added to shoes later, was generally in use during the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The shoe worn by Catherine de Medicis (a picture of which is shown on page 13) is described as being made of "white leather, lengthened at the ends, which are square, with a high conical heel united to the toe by a second sole, which is soft and lined with felt in order that the step of the wearer may be noiseless and stealthy." The upper leather was beautifully ornamented with an edging of silver lace.

The shoes worn in England during the closing years of the sixteenth century were marvels of richness and luxury. The noble ladies wore "corked shoes, pantoufles, and slippers, some of black velvet, some of white, some of green and some of yellow, some of Spanish leather and some of English stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot and other gewgaws innumerable." Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have worn shoes decked with jewels, worth an immense sum.

There is little doubt but that in the period when pointed shoes were used not very much attention was paid to fitting one shoe to the right and one to the left foot. With the introduction and use of the stiff sole and heel "rights and lefts" became a necessity. That shoes made to fit each foot were known and in use during the sixteenth century is proved by the lines in Shakespeare—

"Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

The Turkish women of the sixteenth century had a remarkable fashion of wearing a sort of high clog or false sole. From Turkey these "chapineys," as they were called, were introduced into Italy. Thomas Coryate, in his "Crudities," 1611, says: "They were so common in Venice that no woman whatsoever goeth without either in her house or abroad. It is a thing (chapine) made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted, some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high; and by how much the nobler a woman is so much higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth are assisted or supported either by men or women when they walk abroad to the end that they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the arm."

This fashion traveled over part of Europe and reached England. Ben Jonson speaks of a character who "wears cioppinos and they do so in Spain." Hamlet, also, speaking to one of the players, remarks: "Your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chapine." Perhaps the pattern so much used in England during the eighteenth century was in idea a survival of the old chapine form.

Shoes with two straps or latches were first used about the close of Elizabeth's reign, and brought with them the shoestrings with which they were fastened. The rosette was worn during the early part of the seventeenth century and was made of ribbons or lace, both of thread and gold, and was often decorated with jewels.

Shoe-ties made of ribbon were used in England during the reign of Charles I., by ladies as well as gentlemen. In the time of Charles II., small buckles were worn in conjunction with shoe-ties. "Diamond buckles for shoes" is one of a list of articles of ladies' dress published in 1666. The shoes worn in England at this time and during the reign of the succeeding King are distinguished by high heels and long toes tapering to a point, but cut off square at the ends, the upper leather not only covering the instep altogether, but reaching up beyond some inches further.

The shoe buckle displaced the shoestring during the first half of the eighteenth century, and such were commonly worn until the end of the century, when "strings" again came into use, except for Court dress. Nothing could exceed the richness of some of the shoes worn at the Court of the French King Louis XV. They were frequently made of gold and silver tissue enriched with jewels and clasped with buckles of gold. It is said that Louis XVI. could never accustom himself to the use of shoestrings and took great offense at a Minister who appeared at Court with his shoes tied with

strings instead of being clasped with buckles. In glancing back at the various shoes worn in France during the seventeenth century one might almost speak of this time as the golden age of shoes, for they were made in the greatest possible variety—with square or pointed toes, bows of every color with ends like the sails of windmills, or else like gorgeous butterfly wings; of leather, morocco, satin or velvet. The ladies at Court "wore red heels of wood, sometimes high or sometimes low." 'Tis recorded that Cing-Mars at the time of his death possessed at least three hundred pairs of shoes.

The classic craze that showed itself in France at the latter part of the eighteenth century, together with the influence of the painter David, led many ladies to adopt the Greek or Roman sandal. These sandals were simply soles of leather held to the foot by ribbons, no other covering to the foot being worn. The toes were decorated with gold rings sometimes mounted with diamonds.

In Racinet's History of Costume, Vol. 6, is shown a picture of a group of peasant women and a man all mounted on stilts, entitled "Costumes of the Inhabitants of Bordeaux and Environs." Each individual is holding a long pole to aid in walking about the field. The figure shown in the present illustration (taken from the work mentioned) is represented as wearing shoes of the roughest kind. The well-known small Chinese shoe, the curious Swedish one, which somewhat resembles it, and the dainty gaiter, laced on the inside, made of pru-nello with a patent leather tip are, it is believed, well enough shown to need no elaborate description.—(See page 13.)

WALTER BOBBETT.

HISTORIC MANSIONS.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The house is haunted."

NEW YORK has her historic mansions. In the heart of the great rushing city are habitations about which the spell of centuries linger. Among us are houses in which men were born, lived and died long before the Revolution of the American colonies was dreamed of. Let us visit one of the oldest—"Archbrook"—on Seventy-fifth Street near East River. The old house seems to resent intrusion with solemn dignity. It is shut in by a high stone wall crumpling with age, and the only entrance is barred by heavy wooden doors, strangely unfamiliar to modern eyes.

Fortunately, there is a rope hanging at this portal, and a small sign near it reads: "Ring the Bell." A vigorous pull brings forth rusty clanging that speaks well for the size of our hoarse announcer. The servant who opens the door informs us that this bell is the second that has been used on the estate. Its yoke is cracked and rotten, its rivets corroded with rust. A crucifix on it denotes its Catholic origin. Perhaps no living man heard its first clear-toned notes, for they rang out at the dawn of the century, in 1803.

The old garden, with its triangle of neglected flower-beds, its ancient tree-trunks, its antique bowers rotting with age, is like a song without words wherein thought can weave its own fancies about the vanished past. Fastened to the wall is a curious relic in the form of a marble tablet quaintly engraved as follows:

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

—ANDREW MARBLE, 1643.

The origin of the tablet dates so far back that it is shrouded in mystery. The place derived its name from a trout brook which wound its way through the garden to the river. Near its outlet the owner erected a broad arch over it; hence the name. The little brook, unlike that immortalized by Longfellow, was not destined to go on forever. It ceased to flow many years ago, and the arch is well-nigh hidden by a rank growth of weeds and vines.

The rambling old house is in keeping with its surroundings. It has been partially destroyed by fire several times, but has been restored to its original form by Mr. George Mathews, the present occupant and a descendant of the early owners.

Huge tenement-houses tower about the old estate. The spirit of encroachment looks covetously on the weed-grown garden. The ever-changing hand of Progress will soon level the crumpling stone wall. A little longer, and Archbrook will be a memory.

About three-quarters of a mile further up the craft-crowded bank of East River is the historic Pruyne mansion, on Eighty-ninth Street and Avenue A. It has changed hands again and again, and little is known now of the original owners. The buildings of St. Joseph's Asylum have been reared about the courtyard in which it stands, until it is completely obscured from the street. It is on elevated ground, and surrounded by a spacious portico. Looking on its decayed grandeur, the mind pictures its halcyon days, when gallants in knee-breeches and silk stockings led the colonial beauties through the stately minuet; when lovers of a century ago paced this broad veranda with their sweethearts, and looking out upon the broad river, whispered the old, old story under the changeless stars.

And now the walls bear the shadows of the black-robed sisters of St. Joseph and echo the shrill voices of hundreds of orphan children who recite their daily lessons in the old Pruyne homestead.

Continue northward for a long three miles, away up to East One Hundred and Sixty-second Street, and you will come to the Jumel mansion. It has a high location and commands a splendid view of Harlem River and New York City, with its bewildering mass of roofs and spires. The front of the house, with its well-preserved white pillars, broad balcony and artistically decorated doorway, presents an excellent example of colonial architecture. The interior is now being thoroughly repaired in conformity with the original style, by the present owner, Mrs. Earle.

Perhaps there is no house in New York about which so much interest centres as that of Alexander Hamilton, at One Hundred and Forty-first Street and Convent Avenue. The illustration on page 5 shows the house just as it stood when Hamilton lived in it, and at the

right are the thirteen oak trees planted by him in commemoration of the thirteen original States. By the bye, who will prize of the unluckiness of that number when he considers the success of the American Revolution? These oaken centurians are still green and vigorous, and measure from one to three feet in diameter.

The substantial frame house, with its broad verandas and well-cultivated garden, was one of the pretentious residences of the period. Times have changed since then, and it sinks into insignificance in comparison with the palatial habitations that adorn Fifth Avenue to-day. Hamilton House was moved from its original site a few years ago to be used as a parsonage for St. Luke's Church on the opposite side of the street.

A historic house that has remained unaltered since its erection is the Wheaton mansion on Eighty-ninth Street and East River, built by Archibald Gracie, Esq., ninety-six years ago. An antique door, elaborately carved mantels and quaint furniture eloquent of bygone days are among the relics of early New York, prized by the present occupant, Mr. Babcock.

This property was recently appraised by the municipal government and is being rapidly converted into a city park. Its late owner still resides there, but expects orders to vacate the house almost any day.

Of a little later origin is the Clendenning house, located on One Hundred and Fourth Street and Ninth Avenue, and built by John Clendenning in 1811. Fifteen years ago it was moved fifty feet to allow passage for the elevated railroad. It is surrounded by an old garden—but let us pass on into the house, for it is the interior that will interest us most. The open fireplace is wide and high. The massive wooden mantel, severe in its simplicity, is surrounded with iron work curiously inlaid with colored glass, bearing the name of the London maker. Furniture that was the correct thing when John Paul Jones was preying on British commerce is about us in profusion, and there are relics that would delight the soul of an antiquary. Speaking of relics, there is one in the garden that I should have mentioned—a well-preserved sun-dial, in the iron of which is still decipherable: "John Clendenning, 1811. Lat. 40° 43'."

Forest Hill mansion, on One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street, was respectably old when the cornerstone of John Clendenning's habitation was laid. It was built by Cornelius Lawrence about the time of George Washington's first inauguration. Located on a hill sloping gently toward the Hudson River, two hundred feet distant, it is surrounded by oaks whose gnarled branches throw fantastic shadows on its ancient walls. Weather-beaten and gray with age, it awaits the end, for judgment has been pronounced against it by the City Fathers. Already the sound of pick and shovel can be heard. The proposed extension of One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street passes directly through the hall; in a very little while the old house will go down.

The name of Peter Cooper is so revered by New Yorkers that the house in which he lived for many years may well be included in this brief list. Located on Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue, it is quite down now and a portion of it is used as a store. The old mantel, made by the skillful hands of the great philanthropist, was removed not long ago by one of the heirs. The latter still own the homestead and intend to move it an early date to their place in New Jersey.

No past desire for display is evident in the long-time dwelling of Peter Cooper. An air of simplicity still pervades it. The woodwork is incrusted with the paint of many house-cleanings, and some of the walls yet retain the quaint old patterns of the first wall-paper laid upon them. Ah, the old days!—(See page 5.)

THE San Francisco *News-Letter*, commenting on a recent letter by Edgar Fawcett to a prominent daily of this city, observes:

"There is not at this time a single American novelist, or even a single writer on any subject, who is making money enough by his pen to support a family. The chief composer of fiction in this country, Mr. Howells, is spreading himself all over creation and contributing to every periodical that will pay him, from heavy reviews to children's magazines; he is writing himself out, in fact, simply because he cannot live on the proceeds of his novels. The audience which he used to address now gives its ear exclusively to the poorest and trashiest productions of English pens. From present appearances, the American school of letters will not last into the twentieth century; we shall import our books from London as we import our millinery from Paris. This is the work of the New York publishers. The Harpers, and the Appletons, and the Scribners, and the Putnams fancied they were proving their smartness by taking advantage of the simplicity of book-writers, and grabbing the lion's share of the profits of the joint industry. They lived in purple and fine linen in brown-stone fronts, while poor devils of authors occupied upper back rooms in cheap boarding-houses. It did not occur to the publishers that they were killing the goose which laid golden eggs, and that people grow tired of starvation at last. They are now getting these truths into their thick skulls. The decay of American literature is involving the ruin of the American publishing industry."

This is rather an extravagant view to take of the situation. It is true that some publishers have systematically discouraged native talent, but the publishing industry is not on the verge of ruin, as stated, nor are the interests of American writers neglected by all the firms. *ONCE A WEEK*, for example, has always made a specialty of encouraging American talent. In its Library have appeared in one year sometimes more new American works of fiction than in all the other weekly publications combined.

A GOLDEN HARVEST

is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged a series of three (3) Harvester Excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of \$10.00 **ONE FARE.**

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heappond, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago.

WHENCE COMES THE WINK.

HOW many curious customs there are about whose origin we know next to nothing. For instance, there is the wink, which *The Gentlewoman*, in its latest issue, endeavors to trace.

"From whence does it spring?" asks *Gentlewoman*; "and to what virtue or vice do we owe its germ? Charity, of course; we all of us answer—Charity. We all think with Bunyan that were it not for divine mercy we might any of us be in the sinner's place, and this is our excuse for benevolent leniency. It is sometimes convenient to get into saintly shoes and cover ourselves with a garment of self-cajolery, and it is decidedly easy to acquire a cautious twist in our moral theorizing which shall direct it in the vein of our personal partialities. Clearness on this point is not without its humiliations. Upon close intimacy with ourselves we are apt to feel that it is not absolutely a benevolent large-heartedness, religious love-your-neighbor-as-yourself species of philosophy that actuates us.

"Perhaps, after all, it is only sentiment, flimsy, tawdry, if you will, but sentiment that is apt to creep into the failing heart of humanity. It is this benevolent fount that waters and softens the rocky soil of our moral standpoint. If we are weak we declare it is a sensitive sympathy which governs us; if strong, we believe that our higher intellectual scope demands higher and wider tolerations. It is our lofty magnanimity which permits our contemplation of illicit picnics in grounds where 'warning to trespassers' is distinctly placarded. We, if still more courageous, may even own to an artistic appreciation of the picturesque, pointing out the emotional possibilities arising from the study of smirches, tatters and vagrancy. But, as a rule, we shrink from self-betrayal; we prefer to keep our sympathies and penchants hermetically sealed, and adopt the comfortable wink as an external label for reticence, which shall, like the print on potted meats, cover our contents with ambiguous impersonality.

"But it is really difficult to obtain a consensus of opinion regarding the real germ of which we are in search. We must probe deeper than mere charity or sentiment if we wish to get the 'proto-plasmal pre-Adamic globule,' from whence developed the now rampant policy of the wink. In the attractions of stud and cellar, the enormous weight of Burke, and the plethoric pockets of Throgmorton Street, we must commence our search, if the pedigree is to be traced step by step backward with accuracy, if we really mean to discover the origin of the lily-livered attitude of negative appreciation, which is the fashionable pose. There are fatted calves whose succulent

juices would purl down alien throats; there are opera-boxes, the luxurious padding of which we should never see; there are coroneted carriages that would no longer clatter to our portals, should once the wink cease to be. It is in the hem of the upper classes that it lurks and propagates; it expands under salutary treatment of crusted port; it passes from eye to eye as fluttering bank-notes slide from palm to palm. There may be traced microbes from the big offices and from the Houses of Parliament, and many there are who go in and come out again with the germ of the wink fastened upon them for life. In meeting these wayfarers we catch the epidemic, and we soon arrive at a mood of mind which makes us dictate the importance of divine or human law from a mouthpiece of our own convenience, and forces us to adopt the fashionable wink as a shifting symbol of our inculcation in the higher etiquette of modernity."

FOG-HORN SIGNALS.

"THE question of the audibility of fog-horn signals at sea seems destined to occupy a great deal of attention in naval circles. Some time ago we gave a description of the American experiments, which went to prove that round each siren there is a zone, about one and a half nautical miles broad, within which fog-signals cannot be heard, although they are distinctly heard outside that zone. These observations cannot now be treated with the incredulity they at first met with, since other experiments have confirmed them. A series of such experiments are described in *Hansa*. In one of these, the vessel steamed with the wind straight toward the lightship from a distance of four and a half nautical miles. At a distance of two and three-quarter miles the sound became faintly audible, and suddenly increased in loudness at two and a half miles, retaining the same intensity up to two miles distance. From one and three-quarters to one and a half miles the note was scarcely audible, but then it immediately increased to such an extent that it appeared to originate in the immediate neighborhood of the vessel. The steamer at this point reversed its course, and the fluctuation over this part of the course was found to be the same, except that it was even more strongly marked. Reversing again, the vessel steamed over this distance a third time, and again the sound disappeared at one and a half miles and reappeared again, so loud that it sounded as if the fog-horn was only two cables lengths off. Then, at half a mile, the sound disappeared entirely, to reappear at quarter of a mile from the lightship, after which it gradually and steadily increased in intensity until the latter was reached. It is time that this question, which is of great practical importance, should be systematically investigated."

Nature.

SAND FILTRATION.

"AN interesting point in connection with the sand filtration of water," says the London *Nature*, "has been recently brought to light by Dr. Kurth of Bremen. It has frequently been pointed out that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond certain limits without endangering the bacterial quality of the filtrate. Making more detailed examinations of the particular bacteria present in the effluent from a filter in which the depth of filtering material had been interfered with, Dr. Kurth found that the rise in the number of bacteria was almost entirely due to the presence in large quantity of one particular microbe, of which, however, no trace could be found in the raw water with which the filter was being fed. On one occasion there were as many as 900 in 1 c.c. present of this special microbe, while all the bacteria together in the raw water did not amount to more than 760 in 1 c.c. In this instance, therefore, the objectionable rise in the number of bacteria present in the filtrate did not necessarily indicate that the efficiency of the filter in dealing with the raw water was in fault, but rather that the disturbance of the sand had dislodged certain microbes present in the filtering material. It would appear, therefore, of interest to obtain in cases where the filtrate is unsatisfactory some particulars of the microbes present in the effluent, and determine in what relation they stand to the raw water microbes."

IN the midst of the great crisis of the Seven Years' War, a soldier of Frederick the Great's army deserted. He was caught, and brought before his Majesty. "Why did you leave me?" inquired Frederick.

"Sire," replied the deserter, "your affairs are going so badly that I considered it necessary to give them up."

"Very well, just remain till to-morrow," said Frederick (it was the eve of battle), "and if they do not improve, let us desert together."

THE growing taste in Russia for everything English is regarded with a certain amount of disfavor by the French. The change is of course due to the Empress Alexandrowna, or "Alix," as she is still invariably called in the family circle. Although her Imperial Majesty is becoming much attached to her adopted country, she retains a passionate fondness for the home of her childhood, and for England, where many of the happiest hours of her girlhood were spent. Even in Darmstadt it was acknowledged that Princess Alix was more English, perhaps, than German, and it is not surprising to hear that, when possible, the English language is substituted for the difficult Russian tongue, or for French, and that now the idiom is studiously practiced by high and low in St. Petersburg. The Tsaritsa's own suite of apartments in any palace which she occupies immediately assume what is ascribed as an extremely English aspect, and possess that nameless air of comfort and "homeliness" of which foreigners are the first to admit Old England possesses the secret.

THE Tsaritsa has always taken the greatest interest in all questions which concern the welfare of her own sex, and she was pleased to find that Russian ladies possess societies for the discussion of women's rights and other similar subjects. Her Imperial Majesty was particularly anxious to learn more of a certain society which has at heart the social advancement of women, and after one of their debates attempted to glean more information than the newspapers could or would bestow. In answer to her inquiries the ladies of the Court expressed themselves totally ignorant of the matter, and even the Czar, when consulted, knew no more than they; but, delighted as usual to gratify his consort's lightest wish, his Imperial Majesty at once commanded that full reports of all such meetings should for the future be prepared for the perusal of the Empress. Since then, one of the Czar's secretaries has attended every debate in the capacity of reporter, and writes down every word in shorthand, so that, should the Tsaritsa desire it, a full account can at once be produced for her inspection.

A MAGISTRATE of Saumur, deputed to address the King, began his speech in this manner:

"Sire, the inhabitants of Saumur are so delighted to see your Majesty that—
that—" And he stopped, unable to say more.

"Yes, Sire," said the Duke of Breze, "the inhabitants of Saumur are so delighted to see your Majesty that they are unable to express their joy."

LOUIS XIV. asked one of his courtiers one day, "Do you know Spanish?"

"No, Sire," answered the courtier: "but I shall learn it."

He set himself, accordingly, to learn the language; and after having taken the greatest trouble, because he thought that the King intended to appoint him Ambassador at the Court of Spain, he said one day to the King: "Sire, I know the Spanish language now."

"Very well," replied Louis, "in that case you will be able to read 'Don Quixote' in the original."

CANADA'S GREAT EXPOSITION, 1895.

NEVER before in the history of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition have entries been anything like so numerous as this season. The fair which opens on the 2d of September, continuing until the 14th of the month, will in all departments be the fullest, choicest and most representative of all branches of Canadian industry, skill and art of any ever held. Every building is literally packed with exhibits. The programme of special attractions and entertainments is of a superior order and embraces many novel high-class features. The daily programme includes a great Water Fete and Aquatic Exhibition, an entirely novel and unique entertainment presented on an artificial lake in front of the grand stand. It presents a number of beautiful tableaux and a continuous succession of wonderful, exciting and diverting aquatic and acrobatic performances. Every evening the proceedings will conclude with the rendition of the grand spectacular military and pyrotechnic pageant, "The Relief of Lucknow," in which over 400 performers will take part, characterized by military marches, nautical dances, battle scenes and a splendid display of fireworks. Reduced rates on all railways and steamboats, and special excursions from a number of important points in Canada and the United States, will bring an unusually large number of visitors to the Fair.

GOOD hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. Circular showing fishing and gunning resorts received by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

LOW RATE ACCOUNT GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT AT LOUISVILLE.

On the occasion of the Twenty-ninth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville, Ky., September 11 to 14, a rate of one cent per mile has been put in effect over the WEST SHORE RAILROAD, the net rate from New York to Louisville and return being \$17.35, and proportionately lower from stations north and west of New York.

By order of Department Commander Edward J. Atkinson, the WEST SHORE RAILROAD has been designated as the official route, and in return for this official recognition they have scheduled a special train to leave New York Sunday, September 8, at 9 A.M., which will run on the time of its "Day Express" through to Louisville without any change of cars.

It is expected that the Encampment will bring forth a grand rally of Veterans and their friends.

In addition to the many attractions at the Encampment, the dedication of Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park will take place. Rates of one cent per mile have been authorized for this side trip, and the limit of the return tickets of the WEST SHORE RAILROAD will permit a stay of an extended period if desired.

A special issue of tickets and advertising matter has been placed in the hands of the Agents of the WEST SHORE RAILROAD and can be had on application.

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